

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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GREAT WAR GOING—GREAT PEACE COMES

THE GREAT PEACE THIRTY STATES & EIGHTY TREATIES

World's Greatest Piece of Practical Work

By Our Political Correspondent

Towards the close of the meetings of the Peace Conference much impatience was expressed by the newspapers at the supposed slowness of the statesmen doing the work.

The members of the different Parliaments were angry, too, because they did not know what was being done before it was finished. Newspapers and politicians all began to find fault because the business in its half-done stages was not thrown on a screen, so to speak, for all of us to talk about.

Things Are Not What They Seem

That would have been very interesting, no doubt, for men whose business is to write, and for those whose pleasure is to talk; but seeing that 30 States were concerned, each with its own point of view, and that before the world settles down about 80 treaties between States may have to be signed, the men responsible for arranging the Great Peace may be pardoned for taking their time and wanting to finish the work before spreading it out before the world.

Business often looks quite easy to those who have not to deal with it. They do not see the difficulties. They can plan perfect endings with a light heart. No blame for failure overshadows them. They can seem wise without even having their wisdom tested. They can bring all their dreams to a happy ending.

But the Peace Conference has been the greatest piece of practical business that statesmanship has ever known. It has been criss-crossed with difficulties from every side. The people unaffected by it have been but a small fragment of mankind; it may even be doubted whether a single human being will be beyond the range of its influence.

Our First Duty

This vast business of the nations, to be successful, must be concluded by general agreement resting on a hope of better things in the world's future, and the first duty of us all—in spite of whatever regrets there are—is to feel how wonderful the triumph over difficulties has been, how great are the possibilities of mutual happiness now opening out between all nations, and how encouraging it is that reason and good feeling have closed so many of the wounds of war.

And one other duty lies before us all—to pay due honour to the men who, amid detraction from onlookers, and often amid scorn, have laboured faithfully to give the world a new hope.

Holding the Fort in the Arctic



General Ironside, in Command of the British Troops in Russia

A LONG, LONG TRAIL TERRIBLE JOURNEY WITH A MADMAN

Lashed to a Sledge for
1100 Miles

STORIES OF CANADA AND ANTARCTICA

Even if there remains little of the earth's surface still to be explored, there are enormous spaces where transport is still of the most primitive kind.

A story comes from Canada of a journey of one of the wonderful North-west Police, who has just been 1100 miles on foot, from Lake Trout in Mackenzie Land to the heart of Manitoba. A bishop of Mackenzie Land once boasted to the writer that he had the garden nearest the North Pole, and it was a little patch of mustard-and-cress grown in a frying-pan; but our policeman was out of doors, over the trackless snow, with only the wide and starry skies for covering. He had with him a sledge, a team of dogs, and a prisoner.

Struggle for Life

His captive was a poor demented Indian whom he had to deliver into safe keeping, and the unhappy native's conduct during the journey was so desperate that his guardian had to strap him to the sledge and haul him thus over weary hundreds of miles. They reached civilisation after a frightful struggle for life, the men near to death, the food all gone, the dogs ready to drop of starvation. But the journey was accomplished.

That is the sort of thing these men in the north-west do. They take food and letters by dog-teams over incredible journeys like these, which seem almost an impossibility to us at home.

We do not know what we are capable of until we try. Think of the appalling journeys, often ending in death, made during the exploration of the waterless regions of Australia by men of hardy northern growth! Think of the amazing adventures of Sir Douglas Mawson, a product of the sunny southern continent, alone in Antarctica, where the average temperature is 32 degrees below freezing point, where the wind rages at 50 miles an hour and rises to 270 miles.

A Man Alone

Well, Sir Douglas Mawson set forth into the interior with two sledges and two companions, and one of them, Lieutenant Ninnis, an old Dulwich College boy, was lost in an instant down a concealed crevasse. With him went the sledge bearing nearly all the food. Xavier Mertz, the champion ski-runner of Switzerland, remained with Mawson.

They were 2400 feet above sea-level, 315 miles from the nearest base. They had little food and only six poor dogs, and dog after dog was killed and eaten. Then Mertz died, leaving Mawson alone; and the story of his lonely return, dragging his sledge, falling into crevasses and struggling out again, fighting death minute by minute till he reached the base, is a great epic of travel. E.A.B.

SUNSET MYSTERY—HAVE YOU SEEN THE GREEN RAY?

Much interest has been aroused by our story of the green ray from the sun as it dips below the horizon at the Equator. Quite clearly it is not, as was once thought, an optical illusion. Here are letters from two of our readers who claim to have seen the ray.

As one who has crossed the Equator many times—I can vouch for the appearance of the green ray, and that its appearance is not always merely for a second. The period of duration probably varies, but it is to my knowledge anything up to half a minute when seen from a fixed height; it may be that the period varies at different latitudes.

I first saw it on my way to South Africa during the Boer War from the deck of the Oriental. Between that period and 1917 I looked for it again on many occasions, but was always disappointed and began to think I had been deceived.

I embarked at Valparaiso in February 1918, and returned home on the Ortega. As we came up the west coast the subject of the green ray was brought up.

The sunsets were gorgeous, and everybody made a point of watching them. On nearing the Equator I distinctly saw the green ray as the sun was dipping and drew attention to it. Nobody could deny it. I then spoke to the captain, who said he had seen it many times.

The next evening, as the sun dipped, the green ray appeared again and stayed quite half a minute. All agreed that it was the most glorious sight they had ever seen. A. W. A. CHIVERS.

I am sure we have seen the green ray here in the Isle of Man. It was one evening in the spring of 1911 as the sun was setting. Suddenly the out-buildings, which are all whitewashed, turned a beautiful pale green. I could not believe my eyes, and called my sister. We stood looking at it as if thunderstruck for a few seconds. Then, in a moment, all was white as usual. I never saw it again, and often wondered what caused it until I read about the green ray.

M. KING, Broadway, Isle of Man.

Seeing Into the Heart of Things MARVELLOUS MAN WHO KNOWS THE BIRDS

How He Makes Us Feel the Joy
With Which They Fill the Air

MR. W. H. HUDSON AND THE SPLENDID BOOKS HE WRITES

A Book Being Read Now

Far Away and Long Ago; a History of My Early Life. By W. H. Hudson. Dent, 15s.

Here and there, far apart, are a few men who, in some way that we admire, seem different in mind from all the rest of us.

We express this difference by saying they are original; and if the difference from us shines very brilliantly we say they have genius, and are the world's choicest spirits, and we wish to hear more about them. This genius, whatever form it takes, is the gift of deep insight into the nature of things.

One of these men of genius, happily living still, is Mr. W. H. Hudson, whose form of genius is the understanding of life outside of mankind, in birds, animals, trees, flowers, and grasses, but best of all in birds.

A Rare Man for a Ramble

Of all forms of life birds are the most perfect expression of freedom and joy. If children are healthy and unrepressed they are naturally joyous; they laugh, sing, run, skip, and tingle with happiness. But children grow more grave with age, while birds keep their abounding joyousness, and make the world ring with it. Beautiful in form and movement, and often beautiful in colour and voice, they seem to have been made to prevent us from ever forgetting the charms of loveliness and joy; and of all men, living or dead, Mr. Hudson is the man who can best help us to understand them. That is the form his genius takes.

Except what can be gathered from his books, little is known about this man who writes as naturally as a bird sings. No paragraphs are written about him in the newspapers; no "life" of him appears in the books of biography; but those of us who have read all he has written think of him as the man we would rather go with for a ramble than almost any man, although we have never seen him.

Strolling About England

We know from his books that as a boy he lived on the great grassy, cattle-rearing plains of South America; that he did not come to England until he was a man who had passed through many adventures on the borderland of civilisation, the home of revolutions; that he wrote a book of his adventures, which may or may not be partly fiction; that he wrote a fine study of the birds he knew as a boy; that he came to England and wrote the best of all short books on British birds; and that he has since, from time to time, strolled quietly about England, particularly the South, watching birds, wild animals, flowers, and the ways of men, and putting his observations into books which charm us by the depth of their understanding and the music of their words.

Most of the books written about birds are as dead as the birds in a museum. They tell us how many inches a certain bird is in length; its colour when we see it oftenest; what its nest is made of, and where; how many eggs it lays, and their

colour; whether it sings much or little; and the times it comes and goes.

All these are facts it is well to know, but they do not make the bird live before our eyes. They do not tell us which of the hundred shades of bird character belong to it; whether it is shy, bold, quiet, noisy, buoyant, grave, flashing, merry or quaint; of its shape, movements, voice, and spirit. But Mr. Hudson can help us to see and hear every bird separately, and know its intimate ways as far as mankind can know such aerial beings.

Orchestra of the Air

Take the bird's voice for an illustration. It may reach us from the hedgerow as a mere "chink, chink!" or it may flood our ears with melody or with "plaintive numbers" such as have haunted the hearts of poets for thousands of years; but it is only a few of the notes of the great orchestra of the air that we can distinguish with certainty.

Mr. Hudson knows them all. He carries in his mind every twitter he has ever heard, as if he had written it down on the musical staff. He sips every sound with the relish of an expert. He knows the full life-story of each bird. One of our poets has pictured them as "deep in their unknown day's employ," but Mr. Hudson can tell you the business of each, and its changes from anxious work to thrilling happiness.

It is the same with the lives and characters of animals, and even the dimmer yet strong life of the vegetable world—he feels it in his heart's core, and can interpret it in lovely prose conceived in the spirit of a poet.

His Deep Love of Nature

How came he to have this special gift—this genius? It was born with him, and nursed into strength by an open-air boyhood. In his newest book, "Far Away and Long Ago," he traces his early life, and explains himself by what he saw and felt through his first fifteen years.

The book tells of a life on the pampas fifty years ago, unknown to most of us, but fascinating to all who love out-of-door romance, and especially to anyone who admires what Mr. Hudson has written in his later years.

We see clearly in this book how the man came to be what he is. This is how he tells of his delight in natural things in his childhood:

I rejoiced in colours, scents, sounds, in taste and touch; the blue of the sky, the verdure of earth, the sparkle of sunlight or water, the taste of milk, of fruit, of honey, the smell of dry or moist soil, of wind and rain, of herbs and flowers; and there were certain sounds and perfumes, and, above all, certain colours in flowers and in the plumage and eggs of birds which intoxicated me with delight.

There was the beginning of a keenness of the senses which is often present in boyhood, and is lost in later years, but which in Mr. Hudson's whole life has been preserved and developed by practice till, better perhaps than anyone else who has ever lived, he can see, and show us how to see, the wonderlight that irradiates every form of life.

J. D.

FIRST KNOWN BIRD

News from the Early Days of the World

DISCOVERY IN A MUSEUM

There are in the British Natural History Museum fossil fragments of the earliest of birds, the archæopteryx, or "ancient wing." They had long been there, when Dr. B. Petronievics suggested further work on the remains.

The work was carried out; and two bones hitherto unknown were revealed. One was a bone uniting the shoulder and the breast-bone; the other was from another part of the structure. From a few bones like these science builds up a bird; from the remnants of a bird science digs out unsuspected bones to reveal the mystery of the creature's structure.

There is a romance of wonder in this, for the archæopteryx, extinct ages since, was the first of known birds—primitive, hideous, ill-fashioned, yet a marvel of progress. An almost inconceivable transition had come about. A cold-blooded reptile changed into a hot-blooded bird.

The archæopteryx was one of Nature's very first compromises in her long plan of slow evolution. It had the teeth and the long tapering tail of a reptile, but from each of the many bones of the tail two feathers appeared, one on each side. The wings and tail were feathered, but parts of the body, it is supposed, were clad with a vesture which was half feathers and half mail.

Only two known specimens exist of archæopteryx, one in London, the other in Berlin. To light upon the bones of such a creature from those far-away days is more startling than to dig a half-formed diamond from its matrix in the once molten earth.

NEWS OF THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA

Facts for the History Books

We were all taught as children that the victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta died of suffocation. During the hottest night of the hottest season of the year, 146 people were caged up in an apartment only 20 feet square. In the morning 23 ghastly survivors remained to tell of the frightful experiences of that night.

"Suffocated," says unscientific history, but Dr. Leonard Hill says that this is wrong; and he is our foremost authority on atmospheric effects in relation to life, the man who helps the diver to maintain the breath of life in the profoundest depths to which he goes. Not suffocation, but heat stroke, he says, caused death.

The human system can support a close atmosphere longer than we know. We do not die of asphyxiation in crowded places, though such air is injurious to us owing to its low-cooling and evaporative powers and to its spreading infection from the carriers of diseases to healthy people. We may safely lead sedentary lives, says Dr. Hill, if we give an hour a day to exercise in the open.

GREAT EXPLOSION OF TREACLE

An extraordinary disaster recently occurred in Boston, America. A circular tank containing two million gallons of molasses suddenly exploded, killing 12 people, destroying buildings, and deluging the district with treacle.

The cause of the explosion is not known, but it is supposed that some alcohol, put into the tank to make the molasses flow easily, had become vapourised, and that an attendant must have lowered a lighted lantern to see how full it was, and thus ignited the explosive spirit.

NEVER LATE

A silver watch and chain has been given to a Lancashire schoolboy, Frank Alker, of Upholland Moor, for attending day and Sunday school for eight years without being absent or late.

C. B. FRY'S LETTERS TO MATES

7. Organised Unselfishness

We were talking about discipline. What I really mean by "organised unselfishness" is this. You can have a vague, general, unselfish disposition, and so far so good. But for discipline you want an unselfishness along definite lines of action, displayed practically in definite ways, all directed to a known and definite end—an unselfishness which is the life blood of the particular actions of the band or body, and keeps it continually alive for its social purpose.

In the end it is really organised love—the great law of social success; that is, of the success of a body of men as a body. No soldier who really loved his regiment could be undisciplined except by mistake. The two things cut one another out. You should try to think over this and understand it.

In Navies and Armies

But there is also self-discipline for the individual, and that consists really in doing justice to oneself by being obedient to one's best self. It is organised unselfishness of the self towards itself. It is well-directed love of the best that is in one put into practice.

Well, this is all very different from merely doing what one is told for fear of punishment, is it not? It is.

In navies and armies since the dawn of history it has been found that the only way to obtain a true and sound state of discipline is by constant practice, by constantly, all day, year in year out, requiring and exacting disciplined conduct, disciplined doing. Why? Because, as I have told you, we become only by doing, and in no other way.

Secret of Success

This is a fundamental law of our human nature. We cannot succeed in being anything without perpetual practice, without perseveringly doing.

Are navies and armies mistaken? They are not. Endless experience has proved to them the truth, the only way.

Shall we be wise to neglect their experience and think we know better? We shall not; we shall be, and we are, very foolish if we do.

C. B. F.

PROFESSOR OF TERROR

Explosions at a Lecture

THE SUDDEN RELEASE OF FORCE

Lecturing recently in London to the Society of Engineers, Professor Young kept his hearers in a state of nervous disorder while he explained that he was showing experiments which, if wrongly conducted, would, without any warning, blow them all sky-high.

Explosives, he reminded them, were a form of concentrated energy, and what happened when they did explode depended on the swiftness or slowness with which the energy was let loose. Nitro-glycerine is the highest explosive known, but really a pint of nitro-glycerine does not contain more than about one-fourth of the energy of a pint of petrol.

But petrol releases its energy in tiny dribbles, spark by spark, and so is strong but harmless, whereas nitro-glycerine discharges it all with a crash in a fraction of a second. Similarly, a gas-engine emits enough energy for one stroke of the engine's piston; while a great gun lets off enough in a moment to fling a huge shell many miles.

In each case the release of force is the same in principle, the difference being made by the amount released in a fraction of a moment, and the greater or less space into which the force escapes.

The professor then proceeded to agitate the nerves of his audience by firing off some deadly explosives.

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The Children's Newspaper

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OLYMPICS IN THE CLOUDS

Flying Atlantic Liners RIVAL TO THE STEAMSHIP

By our Aerial Correspondent

The great British armament firm of Vickers is said to be intending to form the first important air line between London and New York. They have a number of fine airships capable of maintaining a regular service.

These great vessels were designed to Admiralty order, and now that the war is ended the Navy no longer needs them. Instead of trying to sell the airships, however, Messrs. Vickers are planning to compete directly with the Cunard liners. They are fixing fares between England and America at £48 for the journey. This sum compares favourably with the saloon charges in the best and fastest liners. Mails will be carried at the rate of £485 a ton.

R 80, the airship that Messrs. Vickers are completing at Walney Island, will probably be one of the pioneers of the Atlantic service. She holds 1,200,000 cubic feet of gas, and travels with motors of about 1000 h.p., requiring a crew of 16, and carrying many passengers. R 80, however, may soon be completely eclipsed by another tremendous airship, the building of which is being begun. According to the present design, the new giant will be capable of carrying 200 passengers, or 15 tons of goods, for a distance of 5000 miles, at 75 miles an hour.

FOUR MILES A MINUTE

The De Havilland machine, which held the record for a London to Paris flight in an hour and twenty minutes, has now been beaten by a Martinsyde single-seater, fitted with a Rolls-Royce Falcon Engine of 275 h.p. Setting out with despatches from Hendon aerodrome, the pilot flew over Sussex, crossed the Channel for a stretch of 70 miles to Dieppe, and landed at the Buc ground at Paris an hour and 15 minutes after his departure.

The route of the Martinsyde was, however, shorter than that of the De Havilland, which covered 250 miles. The Martinsyde distance from point to point was 215 miles, and the average speed of the machine was 172 miles an hour.

At present it is rather a matter of luck with the wind that determines whether a pilot can break records. With a strong favouring gale, the speed can still be greatly increased. General Sykes, Controller General of Civil Aviation, predicts that, before the end of the summer, the London-Paris flight will be performed in an hour, which would be four miles a minute.

FLYING MEN HELPING ALLENBY

When the troubles in Egypt were at their worst down the Nile, and Bedouin from the eastern desert were attacking British posts and being fought off by a flying boat, a Handley Page machine calmly continued its work of carrying the mail down the river and delivering it by parachutes. It dropped official reports, and sent down the letters which otherwise might have been destroyed or delayed by rioters.

The flying postmen closely studied each town and village as they passed, and on reaching Assouan, half-way to Khartoum, were able to report by wireless that the town was quiet.

FROM AFRICA TO BRAZIL

A daring Frenchman, Lieutenant Fontan, is attempting to surpass any achievement by airmen on the Northern Atlantic route. He is flying with a mechanic through France and Spain, over the Strait of Gibraltar and through Morocco, to Cape Verde, the most western point in Africa. From Cape Verde he intends to set out for Brazil.

The distance across the Atlantic Ocean between these points is about 2000 miles, which is 120 miles more than between Newfoundland and Ireland. The Africa to Brazil route will become of great importance.

BOLSHEVIK'S PROMISED LAND

Trotsky and What he Says he Wants

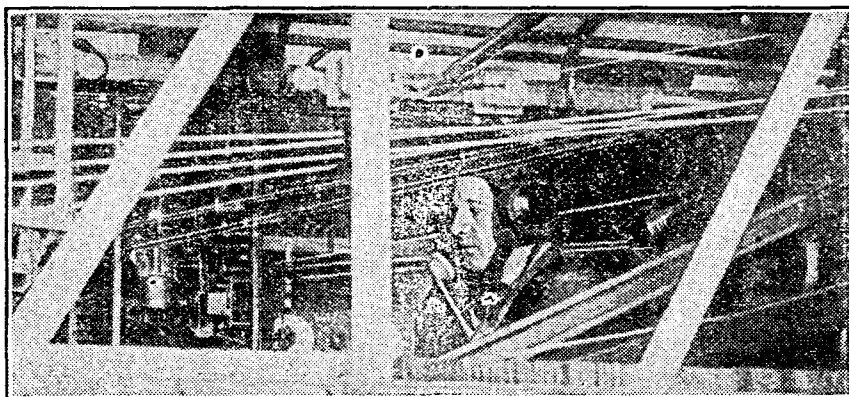


Trotsky reviewing his troops at Moscow



The beautiful picture set up all over Russia by Lenin and Trotsky to attract the peasant to the Promised Land

WIRELESS WORKSHOP IN THE SKY



WIRELESS TELEPHONE OPERATOR TALKING TO ANOTHER AIRMAN FROM AN AEROPLANE FLYING A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR

STERN JUSTICE SPEAKS

Master Criminal Comes to the Gallows

ARMENIA AVENGED

At last one of the world's master criminals has been brought to the bar of justice and hanged. Kiamil Pasha, the murderer of tens of thousands of Armenians, has ended a detestable life on the gallows in a public square of Constantinople.

The world will breathe more freely now that one, at least, of its cruel torturers has paid the penalty of his ferocity. It is not vengeance that makes this demand for stern punishment, but plain, simple justice.

Until cruel men who use uncontrolled power to murder their innocent fellow creatures are shown that Justice wields a sword to punish, while she carries scales to weigh right and wrong, they will continue to act according to their natural dispositions when they are free to give rein to their passions.

The full story of Armenia's tortures will never be told. The guilt of the latest massacres was shared equally between Germany and Turkey, but the hand that slew was Kiamil's, and the gallows has never been put to a better use than when it ended his life with the deepest ignominy that mankind has ever devised.

MARVELLOUS FIGURES OF THE WAR

Facts from the Last Dispatch

There are some amazing figures in Sir Douglas Haig's final despatch.

General Headquarters received 9000 telegrams in one day, and 3400 letters by despatch-riders. One army headquarters had 10,000 telegrams in a day, and the daily telegrams on the lines of communication were 23,000.

There were 1500 miles of telegraphs and telephones, and 3688 miles of railways, on which 1800 trains ran weekly.

In six weeks 5,000,000 rations were supplied, by our Armies in France, to 800,000 civilians in the relieved areas.

Two hundred tons dead weight of supplies and stores were required daily for the maintenance of each division.

The total daily ration strength of our Armies was 2,700,000. An addition of one ounce to each man's rations represented an extra 75 tons.

Over 400,000 horses and mules, and 46,700 motor vehicles were used, and 4500 miles of road made or maintained.

In 1914 there was one machine-gun to 500 infantrymen in the British Army; at the Armistice there was one machine-gun to 20 infantrymen.

Over 700,000 tons of ammunition were fired by our artillery on the Western Front from last August to the Armistice, 65,000 tons being fired on September 27, 28, and 29.

The number of individual landings at the ports managed by the British Armies in France exceeded 10,000,000 up to the Armistice; while in the last eleven months of the war the average weekly tonnage landed at those ports was 175,000 tons.

THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE

A war secret is announced from New York in explaining an invention which has greatly helped the wireless telephone. Wireless telephony was at first extremely difficult, because a person could not talk and listen at the same time. If the listener talked, he interrupted the instrument, so that it was practically a one-way instrument.

Mr. E. F. Alexanderson, an engineer, overcame this difficulty with a duplex wireless telephone, working both ways.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

LAW'S COMMANDMENT TO THE GOVERNMENT

Country Must Pay for Its Benefits

Has our Government—that is to say, the country as a whole—a right to take the property of private citizens for the general good without fair payment? That is a question that has been answered in the Appeal Court, and the answer is "No."

The question arose concerning a hotel taken over by the Government. The Government did not propose to pay for it, and the hotel proprietors sued the Government and won.

Before the answer could be given a long historical inquiry was made to find out what guidance can be got from the past. Everyone will agree that, whether stealing on behalf of the country has ever been allowed or not, it should not be allowed now, for it is clearly unjust that one citizen should have his land or house or money seized for the good of all, and that the expense should not be shared by all, as all benefit. When the defence of the country requires that certain property shall be taken by the Government, all should pay their fair proportion of the cost.

But it might be that this fair dealing is not provided for in laws or customs now in existence, and that a new law must be made to right ancient wrongs. It is interesting to learn, and it may well be a cause of pride to know, that our English law and old-time usage is quite honest on this point. The country must be as fair to each citizen as citizens are required to be to each other.

The two points made clear by this trial, which arose over the seizure by the country of the De Keyser Hotel in London, are that in time of danger any property can be taken for use by the Government; and that if it is so taken those to whom it belongs must not suffer loss beyond their fair share, but the loss must be spread over the whole community who are benefited.

Another important feature of the case is that it shows that our Law Courts are just in their dealings when they try a dispute in which the Government is concerned. They do what is right between the Government and a citizen as straightforwardly as if the dispute had been between one citizen and another. The law is a defence of one man against all the rest, if the man's cause is just.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

Where is Teschen? Mr. Lloyd George questioned whether the House of Commons knew. It is an old town in Austrian Silesia, with 20,000 inhabitants, centre of a valuable coalfield. Before the 14th century it belonged to Poland, and many of its people are Poles. Then it became a dependency of Bohemia. Now the Czechs and the new Polish Republic both claim it.

What is the Old Bailey? The Central Criminal Court in London, where such London criminal cases are tried as in the provinces would be tried at the Assizes.

What is the Quirinal? The Quirinal is the palace in Rome where the King and Queen of Italy live; but it is often used to signify the King's Court, or Government, as against the Vatican, or Pope's Government, which only includes the Pope's palace and grounds.

What is Reconstruction? Reconstruction is the planning of the return of the manufactures of the country from the needs of war to the needs of peace; and also, to some extent, the replanning of the institutions and social and industrial activities of the country.

News From Everywhere

Gathered by



Californian volcanoes have become active.

The Law Courts have decided that spiritualism is not a religion.

Schemes are in hand for electrifying 5500 miles of French railways.

A silver rosette with the 1915 ribbon is to be given to the fighting men of 1914.

Three women have been admitted as members of the Institute of Naval Architects.

Spain is arranging to exchange her orange harvest with Great Britain for coal.

The Bishop of Oxford has announced his hearty support of the Labour Party.

Zagreb, the new capital of Jugoslavia, or Croatia, now has a population of 150,000.

Two million Poles are expected to return to their homeland when its freedom is completely assured.

The Belgian Chamber has adopted one man one vote as the method for electing its next parliament.

Shall the Sick Man of Europe Go?

An Accident that Brought Misfortune and Disaster for Mankind

COMING END OF THE APPALLING HISTORY OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT IN EUROPE

In 1854 Great Britain, taking sides with Turkey, went to war with Russia and fought a campaign in the Crimea. Many years afterwards, Lord Salisbury, the famous leader of the Conservative Party, said that, in the Crimean War, we had "put our money on the wrong horse."

Yet for a long time after the Crimean War we continued to side with Turkey, and we prevented the vast empire under the corrupt rule of the Sultans from being broken up. All that long time Turkey was called "the Sick Man of Europe." The Turkish People were sound and healthy, but the Turkish State was breaking up.

The Clashing of People and Rulers

In countries where the People rule through their elected representatives, as in the British Commonwealth, the State and the People are one. The State can have no interests which are not the interests of the men, women, and

Empire after Empire at their height Of sway have felt a boding sense come on;

Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,

And drooped, and slowly died upon their throne.

The fault was not in the People. The People did not droop and die, but only the Government, the State.

Birth of an Empire

The Turkish Empire, then, has been slowly dying for a great many years. It is nearly seven centuries since a few thousand Ottoman Turks were driven from their homes in Central Asia by Mongols—the race to which Chinese, Japanese, Tibetans, Siamese, and many inhabitants of Russia belong. The Ottomans wandered about with their flocks and slaves, seeking some land on which they might be allowed to settle. Wearied of unsuccessful search, they were going back to Central Asia, and might have reached there and stayed there but for an accident.

At the ford of the Euphrates their chief was drowned, and those who had not crossed the river were afraid to do so. They settled not far away, and from their settlement arose the Turkish Empire which has been a curse to mankind.

Throughout the centuries it has been, with very short intervals of peace, fighting with its neighbours, first to widen its dominions, and later to try and keep all it had. Now and again there have been rulers who tried to rule in the interest of the People, not solely in the interest of the State; but these are rare spots of brightness in a record almost uniformly dark. For the most part the history of the Turkish Empire is a record of bloodshed, cruelty, criminal ambition, and utter disregard of anything but the advantage of the State—that is to say, the Sultans, their ministers, generals and court favourites.

Struggling to be Free

The Turks captured Constantinople in 1453 and made it the capital of their Empire, turning the great church, Sancta Sophia, into a mosque. They could easily have been turned out of Europe if other countries had combined against them, but the States of Europe never could combine, and so the Turks remained, oppressing all who were under the Sultan's rule until, one after the other, Egypt, Hungary, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, broke away and set up governments of their own.

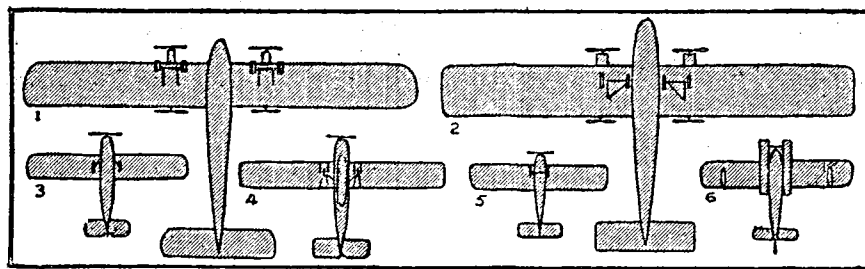
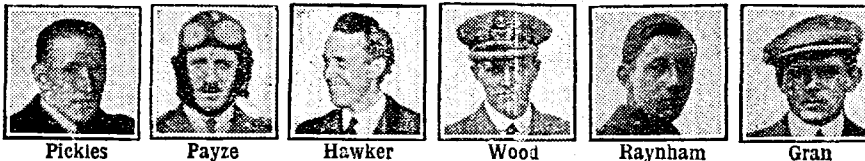
But there still remained within the Turkish Empire nationalities struggling to be free—the Armenians, for instance, whom the late Turkish Government massacred wholesale; and the Arabs of Arabia. Now that the Sick Man has at last died, now that the Turkish State is to exist no longer in Europe, there are many difficulties to settle, one of them being—How to dispose of Constantinople? Arabia, Armenia, and Mesopotamia will each be made independent, and the Jews will be given Palestine for their Zionist experiment. But some strong hand will be needed to keep order for a time; and the proposal is made that the United States should undertake this duty. If the American People would agree to this, the chance of the Near East settling down would be largely increased.

H. F.

WATER MAKES FIRE

An extraordinary fire has occurred at a cement merchant's at Stepney, caused by rain falling on lime stored on the premises. That rain should cause a fire seems strange, but we must remember that when we pour water on lime the combination sets up a powerful chemical action, which causes heat.

ATLANTIC FLYING MEN & THEIR MACHINES



There are six types of aeroplanes in the Atlantic Race. 1. **Whitehead**, piloted by Captain A. Payze: 121 ft. wide, 1600 h.p., 115 miles per hour. 2. **Handley Page**, piloted by Major T. Gran: 126 ft. wide, 1400 h.p., 105 m.p.h. 3. **Sopwith**, piloted by Mr. H. G. Hawker: 46½ ft. wide, 350 h.p., 100 m.p.h. 4. **Short**, piloted by Major J. Wood: 60 ft. wide, 350 h.p., 95 m.p.h. 5. **Martinsyde**, piloted by Mr. F. Raynham: 41 ft. wide, 285 h.p., 100 m.p.h. 6. **Falrey**, piloted by Mr. S. Pickles: 46 ft. wide, 375 h.p., 120 m.p.h.

During the last ten years the land growing crops in the United States has been increased by one-sixth.

Petrol has been costing 3s. 7½d. a gallon in Great Britain, while its price in America was only 1s. 7½d. a gallon.

In Swansea, cottages are being provided, as an experiment, with as much electric light as they care to use in three lamps for a shilling a week.

The American Ford Company is making trams that will be driven by gas, and are expected entirely to take the place of cars driven by electricity.

The geophone, an instrument invented to tell exactly where sounds come from, is now being used in coal-mining in the United States.

A Committee that has been considering the British timber question suggests the planting in Great Britain of 200,000 acres of forest trees.

The restoration of the roof of Westminster Hall, the third oldest building in London, is expected to be complete next year, and the cost up to now has been £39,000.

Testing the wireless telephone installation on an aeroplane, the aviator of the Folkestone—Cologne aerial mail-service recited up in the sky some verses by Kipling, and every word was heard at the call station below.

A German professor says that if all the German nitrogen works had remained active since the armistice, the German crops of corn might have been larger by four million tons, and the potato crop by twenty million tons.

children who compose it; but where the government is carried on by a despotic monarch or a small ruling class, the interests of the State are often different from those of the People.

For example, it would have been an advantage to the German State to win the war, but it would have been no advantage to the German People. They would have been governed even more despotically than they were before by the Hohenzollern dynasty and by the small class of Prussian landlords who are called "Junkers."

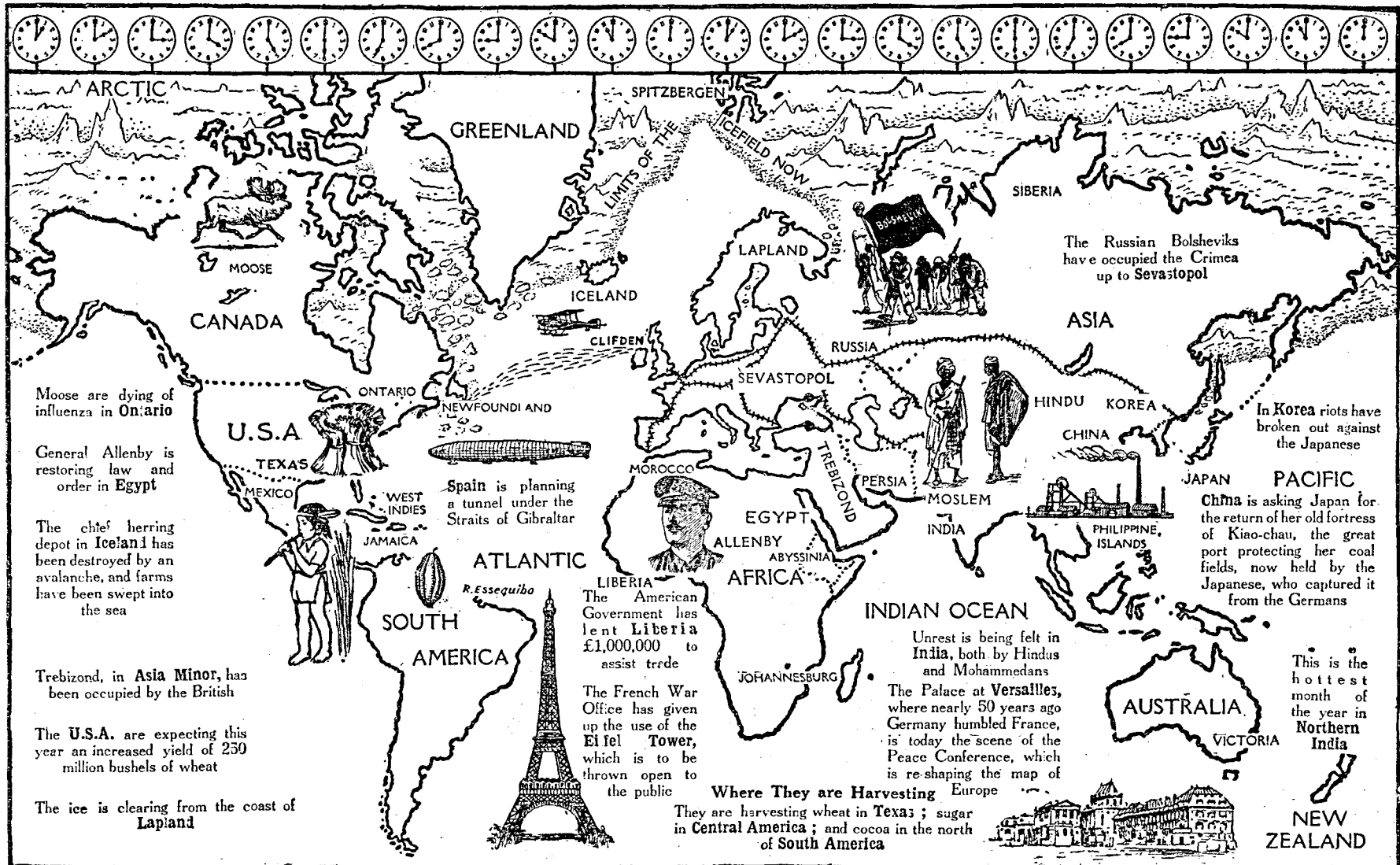
When the Germans won the war against France in 1870-71, the German State benefited greatly. The King of Prussia became an Emperor; his chief Minister, Bismarck, was made a Prince; the Junkers and all who took part in government became more important.

Why Dynasties Perish

But the German People did not gain any benefit from the victory over France. On the contrary, they had to pay heavier taxes; their young men were forced to serve in the Army, and the country was ruled by the Army—so much so that any civilians walking in the street had to leave the pavement and go into the roadway if they saw officers coming.

Keeping this distinction between State and People clearly in mind, we can understand why all the Kingdoms and Principalities and Republics of the past have, one after the other, decayed and disappeared. As our great poet, Matthew Arnold, wrote:

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD



SHOWING TIME EVERYWHERE, WITH HARVESTS AND NATURAL AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF VARIOUS AREAS

PARLIAMENT OF DOCTORS

WHAT THEY LEARNED FROM THE WAR

Greatest Meeting in History of Medicine

From Our Own Medical Correspondent

The British Medical Association has held a special conference to consider what medicine and surgery have achieved and learned during the war.

The President, Sir Clifford Allbutt, who is not only a great doctor, but a great thinker, gave a most interesting presidential address, in which he declared that the meeting was the greatest moment in the history of medicine, for not only had medicine saved millions of lives in war, but it had also been reborn, and become an applied science.

In former wars far more men died of disease than of wounds, and typhoid fever alone slew its thousands. In this great war medical science held disease in check; hardly any soldiers died of typhoid; except in a few very unhealthy places, such as Salonica, there was less illness than at home; and even unhealthy places were rendered healthy by medical measures.

No New Nerve Diseases

Medicine had, in fact, been put on a firm scientific basis, and from this time henceforth would fight with increasing success against all forms of disease.

Various distinguished medical men described some of the work done and the lessons learned during the war.

One of the most interesting lectures was given by Lieut.-Colonel Mott, F.R.S., on the nerve diseases caused by the war. He said the war had produced no new

nerve diseases, but merely many interesting and instructive instances of nerve disorders previously known. Many of the cases were just hysteria, and such cases could usually be cured very quickly.

Especially mentioned one soldier who arrived with crutches and with a bent knee which he could not straighten. In half an hour the soldier was able to walk, and in a week he was discharged quite cured. Other cases of paralysis and contracted muscles, which had persisted for months or years, were cured.

Gas Poisoning

Several papers dealing with dysentery were also read; and Colonel Leonard S. Dudgeon gave facts to show that the germs of dysentery are carried about by flies, and that dysentery became more prevalent in Macedonia as the flies became more numerous.

Lieut.-Colonel Logan discussed gas poisoning, and pointed out that thousands of men had been gassed by gasses from explosives in mines. The poisonous gas produced by mines was, he said, mainly the gas carbon monoxide, and the soldiers who went through the big craters made by our mines at Messines had to take precautions against poisoning by this gas.

IGNORANT

This story is told in the newspaper published for our Army of Occupation in Cologne.

Scene: Tram terminus.
Enter two soldiers and a German.
Alfred: D'yer speak English?
German: Ja, I speak Englisch.
Alfred: What time does this 'ere tram buzz off?
German: Ja, ja.
Alfred: What, no comprenny? Well, when does this 'ere tram ally?
German: Ja.
Bert (to Alfred): Oh, chuck it, Alf; 'e's ignorant.

TRAVEL STOPPED IN EUROPE

Railways Blocked by Revolution

Before the war anyone provided with the necessary passports could rush from side to side of Europe as fast as express trains could carry him, without regard to the frontier lines crossed.

Now all this is changed, either by the destruction wherever the blight of war has passed, or by the revolutions that are stopping the railways. So that no one who ventures on a journey through Central Europe knows when or how he can reach his destination.

Wherever the German army has been the trains can only crawl along, taking days to travel where before the war hours were enough; for every bridge has been blown up, the rails destroyed, signal boxes burned, telegraph posts sawn through, wires cut, and the means for restoring the line removed, so that a belt of destruction isolates Germany.

Disorganisation reigns throughout Austria, Germany, and Russia, for the populous centres on which the railways converge are in a state of civil war, controlled by no central authority with power to promise the traveller an unbroken journey.

So much is this the case that delegates sent from other countries to Switzerland to talk over public affairs have had the greatest difficulty in making their way home, trying now this route, and now that, and never knowing where they might be held up and turned back. Some countries, such as Rumania, have been ringed round by jealous enemies. The inconveniences of travel suffered in our own country through the war are the smallest of trifles compared with those endured over two-thirds of Europe.

MAN GIVES NATURE A LIFT

HELPING EGGS & FLOWERS

The Great Illusion in Hen Run and Garden

By Our Scientific Expert

We saw some weeks ago that fowls were being induced to lay more eggs with the help of brilliant displays of electric light; now it is stated that plants will develop and grow at nearly double the ordinary rate if bathed in light as nearly as possible of the same strength as sunlight. This has been proved by recent experiments, and both plants and fruit are being grown out of season in brightly illuminated greenhouses.

These results reveal the secret of the sun. Light is essential for a healthy life, and without sunshine neither animal nor plant life could continue. Sunshine, or electric light in its absence, enables the plants to feed more, and the increase in their development is due to the extra stimulus they get from basking in the warm light.

Professor Rice has now discovered why hens lay more eggs if given more light. In the dark hours of winter the hens roost for 15 hours, and eat so little food in consequence of their short day that they have not enough material for many eggs. Professor Rice arranged to supplement the sunlight with electric light, so that during the winter months the fowls had a "day" of 12 hours, with 12 hours for roosting, and they laid better and heavier eggs, resulting in increased profits of 40 per cent.

Plants, not requiring sleep, can be grown in continual artificial sunshine, and do even better than the fowls, actually doubling their output. T. B.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 3 1919

Let It Go

The Great War of Europe may be over when these words are read. Let it go.

"When I die," said Napoleon, "the world will say *Ugh!*" We shall feel like that in years to come when we think of the war. We may say two things of it. It has been the greatest triumph of the human race, and it has been the foulest thing that ever stained the earth.

Think of the triumph of it. The strongest nation on the Continent was organised for war; the last crowned despots in the world were leagued as one man, with a hundred million people and all the powers of science behind them, and they set out in the night to kill Freedom.

They broke down civilisation, they clapped their hands with sheer delight to see their soldiers marching on like ravening wolves while sheep were grazing in Belgium's countryside.

It did not matter if all our fair lands were turned into a jungle once again. It did not matter if all those great cathedrals with their heavenly towers came clattering down. It did not matter that widows' houses were devoured and little children slain. It mattered only that this man who once rode through London on a white horse should ride through London once again as lord and conqueror of us all.

He had massed his armies for it; we were to be back to Napoleon, back to Charles Stuart, back to Caesar and Alexander; we were to be the slaves of a new Caligula.

But then the Triumph came; and what was it that we saw? We saw rise up, in every corner of the habitable earth, a multitude that no man could number of those who were not willing that Liberty should die. The young men left the cities and the plains, and like a living avalanche swept into France.

They threw their bodies like a living wall against the enemy coming on; they stood through torrid days and freezing nights; they lived in holes like rats and moles. Year after year they stood, and they died in millions that you and I might live. They swayed and reeled and fell, but they rose again, and living or dead they wear the palm of victory.

Their work is done; perhaps before these words appear the Great Peace may have begun.

In the name of every British child who lives a happy life in years to come we thank these men who made it possible, those who gave their lives and those who come back home. Immortal glory to those who sleep, long years of happiness to those who wake. Their names, and the things they did, endure for ever. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Our Hedgerows

WHAT would England be without our hedges? We love the white walls that guard the entrance into Kent; we love the massive walls of our cathedrals; but more than all we love the green walls of our fields and lanes. Take away our hedgerows and our green lanes are no more; take away our lanes and England is a strange and foreign land. It has been suggested that we could feed millions of people on the land given up to our hedgerows. So we could on the land given up to growing things that are not an atom of good to the nation. There are many things we can spare before our lovely hedgerows, gay with berries and roses and song, and alive with all the wonder of our countryside; and we hope to see wheat growing again at Charing Cross before it is sown where our hedges grow.

A Mean Thing

MOST people are going to have a minimum wage; why not the waiters? When a boy buys a top or a girl buys a skipping rope they are not asked to pay the wages of the shop assistants. The shopkeeper does that. But when we go to lunch in a restaurant, or dine at a hotel, the proprietors of these places expect us all to pay their servants' wages. That is what the tipping system means. It means that the man who keeps a restaurant pays his servants a miserable wage, or perhaps no wage at all, and expects the servant to receive it like a beggar from the customers. It is a mean business.



Peace Comes Scooting in

Still Apologising

ANOTHER mistake. Somewhere in Number Two it was said that if you took all the lines of type in all the copies of one issue of this paper they would reach from London round the world and back to Australia once more. Time has proved us wrong: they would do that three times over. We said a million children could stand on the papers if they were laid out flat, but we should have said three millions. Some people never know what this world wants, but it clearly wants the Children's Newspaper.

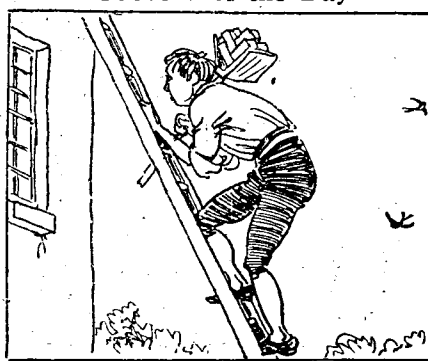
The New Commandment

Let there be Peace

A Tax for Knowledge

EVEN Governments learn in time, but there is no hurry to the Better Days down Westminster way. Everywhere else men know that knowledge won the war. Knowledge is power, and knowledge is victory, and knowledge is happiness—knowledge is whatever we like to make it, good or bad. Is it not incredible, then, that the Government has set aside this year for finding out new knowledge a paltry quarter of a million pounds? Influenza has just cost the country a loss of £120,000,000; and the Government has set apart £65,000 for inquiries into the cause and cure of this terrible disease. That is to say, the Government is willing to spend for every pound we lose from influenza half a farthing for finding out its cure. There are no millenniums that way. We want a universal penny tax for knowledge.

Proverb of the Day

To the Peacemakers:
Step by Step the Ladder is Ascended

The Wheel Goes Round

A WONDERFUL world this is. Hundreds of years ago, before printed books and newspapers were thought of, the torch of knowledge was carried on by faithful scholars in monasteries, writing or copying beautiful books by hand. They would write out the Bible letter by letter, page by page, in beautiful colour unequalled since, and they did it all for love. Now a hundred of these books are to be sold in London, and the work of these poor scholars is expected to yield a thousand pounds a minute until a fortune has been raised. Hundreds of years ago, too, a tinker sat in Bedford Gaol, writing the story of a dream, and a copy of the book he wrote has just been sold for hundreds of pounds. A hundred years ago a great miser was painting pictures, and his pictures have just been sold at so many pounds an inch. Poor scholars, tinkers, and misers—their day comes round. The good men do lives after them.

These Things Shall Be

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

GOD AS RULER OF THE NATIONS

God is leading the world to the Everlasting Peace. This quenchless faith, this spirit that runs through the Children's Newspaper, runs through every page of the Editor's new book:

Who Giveth Us the Victory. By Arthur Mee. Allen & Unwin, London, W.C. 5s. net.

The Editor has written this little book because he believes that faith in God, so far from being shaken by the war, is strengthened and set on a rock.

He believes that God is intervening to deliver Europe, that Europe as it is is better than Europe as it was, that faith in the future is easier than belief in the actual past, that God is behind the war and for ever behind the affairs of men. The faith of his new book is in a God who directs the life of the world today and rules over the nations.

The forty little chapters of this book run through the field of knowledge. They take us from the Nebula to the Millennium. We read how God built a house for man, furnished it, and brought man into it. We listen to the evidence of science. We see the Hand of God working through the natural instruments He has made; we see the Mind of God working through the moral powers He has built up in the universe. We read the marvellous story of matter, the vehicle of God's power. We see the witnesses of God on every hand, in every age.

Packed with science and history and faith and patriotism, crammed with startling facts concerning the Peace of Great Britain before the war, "Who Giveth Us the Victory" has been described as a daring and challenging book, giving something to think about to those who never thought before.

TIP-CAT

What the Dove of Peace is preparing for: A great coup.

Several tons of dates arrived the other day at Covent Garden. This will ease the minds of the almanack-makers.

Men who don't start work till it is playtime—actors.

The Crown Prince has had a motor-cycle accident: he ran into a gate and was thrown off. He is fond of playing with fire, and was evidently scorching again.

Poetry for scorchers: Burns.

It is feared that Paderewski will not play the piano in public any more. When he appears on the platform now he only uses the mouth-organ.

Always taking his time—the pick-pocket.

Major-General Brancker, during a discussion on aviation, said it was not a profession for young men only, and "he saw no reason why a man should not be flying at sixty." It is all, of course, a matter of a pinion.

A Child's Prayer for Its Own Life

Give me the pure heart, O Lord, to feel Thy presence near me.
Give me the clear mind that understands.
Give me the stainless soul that shall return to Thee fearless when my time shall come.
And give me the strong arm to defend, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, the glory of Thy kingdom. Amen.

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
Whether Peace is stuck
on President Wilson's
Fourteen Points

ON THE ARCTIC FRONT WHERE THE GREAT WAR STILL GOES ON

Why the Allies Must Still Fight in Russia

By Our Political Correspondent

More British soldiers are going to Northern Russia, to Murmansk, where the sea never freezes, and to Archangel, where there is only a summer entrance by the White Sea. They are going because they must, for the Bolshevik Russians are sending their armies northward to drive us out of the country, forgetful of the reasons why we went there.

Why We Went to Murmansk

We went there to help the Russians, chiefly with supplies and arms, when they were engaged in a desperate fight with the Germans. The Baltic Sea and the Black Sea approaches to Russia were closed against us, and the only open ways were by the North and through Siberia, along its crowded railway.

Then, when Russia deserted the Allies who had been faithful to her, and surrendered to Germany, the Germans began to press northward through Finland and Russia, and there was an even greater need why we should hold the northern coast from Archangel to Norway, for if we did not the Germans might have easily made it a submarine base for reaching the Atlantic.

Why We Have Stayed There

Having thus gone to the North to help Russia, and stayed there to check German war-plans, we could not leave at once when Russia was suddenly overrun by the Bolshevik tyranny and cruelty, for against that cruelty we and our allies, the Japanese and Americans, were holding Siberia in friendly alliance with Russians who opposed the Bolsheviks. We were helping, too, in the south and south-west of Russia, in alliance with the Caucasians, Ukrainians, and our allies the Rumanians. All we could do was to "stand by" where our friendliness with Russia as a whole had taken us.

Further, as the British, French, Americans, and Italians were together in North Russia, for the Bolsheviks to turn them out by force would be a blow at the reputation of the Allies that would resound through the world, particularly in the populous parts of Asia, where ignorant races get their news as wild rumours.

Therefore, when the Russians, disregarding the reasons why we are in Murmansk at all, threaten to throw the Allies out, we are bound to say we shall not go in that way.

A Dull, Uncomfortable land

So that we are still in Murmansk without wishing to be there. No one who can live in comfort in Great Britain or France or America would ever wish to be in Murmansk, unless it was a duty to go, or unless he went for curiosity.

In winter there is one long night, or twilight, with bitter cold often down to sixty or seventy degrees of frost. In summer there is a continuous day, with the sun never high in the sky, but always accumulating heat till insect life is a torment. There are no amusements except those our soldiers make for themselves; nor any food except what is brought over, chiefly tinned or frozen, in ships. The life, in short, is dull to men who have been reared in a cheerful world.

We can understand, therefore, why men who return will not have much good to say for the Arctic front, but they are serving their country well in standing firm where changing circumstances have placed them and in defending their country's honour and the cause of good government.

J. D.

LONELY WATCHERS OF EUROPE

On May 6 the Eiffel Tower in Paris is 30 years old, and it is sure to be thrown open to the public again.

Like the Crystal Palace, it is one of the few novelties in the world which have survived their original purpose, escaped destruction, and become instruments of international importance. It was inaugurated as the crowning wonder of the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and was to have been pulled down and removed in August, 1894. It survived, and became part of Paris, an enormous monument of daring engineering, rearing its head 985 feet into the sky, a landmark for miles around. It was literally the turning point in the history of flying, for it was round the Eiffel Tower that flying men sailed eighteen years ago to win a prize of £4000.

Then wireless telegraphy gave the Eiffel Tower a new lease of life; it was the very thing required for the aerials. How little we thought it was to become the great distributing centre for the war news of the world for four long years.

To the lonely watcher at the top of the Tower was confided the responsibility of giving the warning of the approach of Zeppelins and Gothas. The sense of responsibility for the safety of the whole of Paris was so great that it was a common thing for men who were detailed for this duty to ask to be sent back to the trenches, where only their own life, and not that of millions of souls, was at stake.

What heart-breaking messages the men on the Tower had to send out in their secret code, day after day, night after night, when the war went ill for us! What sad secrets they knew but dare not tell! What perils they braved when Zeppelins and Gothas, with their bombs, flew by!

Now it is all ended, and something new and greater has to be done. It remains for the Eiffel Tower to tell the world by its wireless waves that peace is come once more to suffering mankind. Peace to these men themselves the lonely watchers of the war.

THE BIG FOUR AND THE BIG KNOT



The Peace Conference has had to untie the hardest knots ever tied in the map of Europe; and all the world hopes that the cleverness of the Big Four—President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and Signor Orlando—will set Peace free.

COALFIELDS DROWNING

Black Country in Danger

The floods threatening the Staffordshire mines, as described last week, are being valiantly fought.

For the last year the engineers in the Black Country have had to raise 52 tons of water to obtain one ton of coal. Rising water is submerging 65 square miles of coalfields, containing at least a hundred million tons of fuel.

The Coal Controller has opened the struggle with the water by sending a powerful electric pumping plant, but much more machinery is required. A breakdown of one pumping station has led to two collieries being so filled with water that the coal cannot be reached.

All this, however, may prove a blessing in disguise. Our mines were almost ruined by water in the eighteenth century, and out of this difficulty came the invention of the improved steam engine, which, designed merely to clear water from the mines, developed into one of the chief instruments of civilisation.

BEDFORD NONSENSE

Buried Statues Come to Light

The members of Bedford Modern School Archaeological Society have made a rare find at Millbrook Church.

They have dug up from the churchyard two sculptured figures known as the warriors. The legend runs that when they were expelled from the church on account of strange noises they made, they were placed in the cellar of the vicarage, where their noises continued, so that they were finally buried in the churchyard.

That is long ago, and now the figures have been dug up. They prove to be monuments of a knight in armour and his wife, who died over 300 years ago. The figures are well carved, and traces of gilding show that their tomb must have been handsome and costly, and the presumption is that the tomb was removed to make way for the funeral of a lord or his wife about the year 1845.

The story of uncanny noises we may take as old woman's gossip, or else as a tale set about by interested parties.

SCHOOLMASTER BECOMES A GENERAL

HOW BRAINS LED TO POWER IN THE ARMY

Cook, Collier, & Grocer's Man

It is the Democratic Age, the age of the common people, who form the bulk and backbone of the nation; and Sir Douglas Haig has told us what they can do. There is a wonderful array of self-made men in his final despatch.

There was a taxi-cabman who became a general; and so did a schoolmaster and a lawyer. A cook and two clerks and a policeman became staff officers. A mess sergeant, a railway signalman, and many ordinary Tommies rose to command battalions. A collier, a blacksmith's son, an iron moulder, and a grocer's assistant commanded companies and acted as adjutants. Clerks came out from their secluded offices to command great roaring batteries, and an editor—actually an editor!—commanded a division. Three doorkeepers from the House of Lords became captains.

All were promoted for sheer merit in the greatest and most proficient Army ever assembled, got together in a hurry to smash the greatest military efficiency ever organised by junkers and kings.

A TAILOR'S JUMP TO POWER

Little Men of the Great Revolutions

One of the strangest features of the little revolutions that have been following each other rapidly in different parts of Germany has been the sudden rise to power of rather queer people.

Thus in Brunswick, which through marriage gave England our present family of kings, a hunchback tailor only a little over four feet high set up a Bolshevik government, with himself as President; and in Bavaria the first Bolshevik dictator, with the help of soldiers whom he addressed at their meetings, was a down-at-heel street-corner lounge, who made a precarious living by hawking his own leaflet songs in the streets. His government has now been overthrown, and he has been imprisoned.

A SHIP WITHOUT A MAN

Plaything of Wind and Wave

The sea, which has so much sameness if we judge it only by a glance, is always providing materials for the imagination. Its mysteries are numberless.

One of the strangest is the wandering German hospital ship found lately off Hartlepool, untenanted, only one mast erect, but well lined, above and below, with beds. How came she there so far from any cosy anchorage fit for a hospital ship? How did she cross the North Sea unnoticed by tramp, or war scout, or fishing boat?

It was a trawler that found her at last and towed her in; but she must have been plunging helplessly for days, perhaps for weeks—a proof of how big a place the sea is, and how much of it is between the regular routes.

A PLOUGHBOY'S MILLIONS

The estate of Mr. Frank W. Woolworth, the founder of America's cheap stores, whose marvellous offices were shown in a picture last week, has now been reckoned at eight million pounds. He began life as a ploughboy, and ended life as one of the biggest shopkeepers in America. He had made a will at his death, but had not signed it.

A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES

Guides and Scouts of the great days coming, ah! what a world is in the making for you now! The Children's Newspaper is glad to be able to publish these letters from a lady of great distinction who has given herself ungrudgingly to the work of the Guides she loves.

2. The Guide Law

My dear Guides, This letter is for the Tenderfoot. That is what the Guide is called who has just been enrolled. She has turned to the Right, and is ready to keep straight.

Now, the old campaigner, when she is on the march, never has any difficulty in getting off. She always knows what she wants, and has it ready. And the Tenderfoot, however young and new, has the advice of the old hand to help her. Her service kit is the Second Class Badge, and she has got to get it carefully together. There are all sorts of things in it; and the best part packs away in your head and your heart, so that when you have once got it you don't lose it very easily.

These are some of the items: the Guide Law, Nature study, first aid, bedmaking, firelighting, sewing or working for the company, signalling, tracking and running. I have put the two most valuable things first, because they are most often in use, or should be, and are the greatest help to the Guide herself and to her neighbours.

The Sort of Knowledge We Need

You can never really know the Law till you begin to use it. You don't know, at any rate, how hard it is—and, like many other hard things, how well worth doing it is—till you try.

That is the sort of knowledge of it you have got to have.

Every recruit knows the words, but the further knowledge that you must have must be won by experience.

For Nature study you must go out into the open, "where the air is fresh and free," as our song says, and must learn about the birds and the flowers, the winds and the clouds, and get close up to Nature herself. This is not done from books. What you want is a pair of keen eyes and a sympathetic heart, and you will learn the greatness and goodness of God Himself from the wonder and beauty of the world He has given us to live in.

Useful Outfit for Life

So work hard for your Second Class, Tenderfoot, and you will be getting together a useful outfit for life.

But that is not quite all. There is the other point: you must always have it ready. This is done by constantly practising everything. That is what is meant by being in training; and unless you have all your powers in tip-top working order, you will not be able to use them at a moment's notice.

Willingness will not make up for incompetence—we found that out in the war. So practise hard: make beds, help with the children, train your hand and eye, be observant, cheerful, and obedient, and then, when mother is ill, and you want to step in and help, you will not only be proud but fit to do your bit.

Remember that all good things begin at home. Show them there what a Guide is, and when you have made your home a brighter and happier place you will be able to go out into the world and "carry on" the great work.

Now is the time to live up to your motto:

*In mind and body, hand and heart—
Be Prepared.*

Your affectionate
Commissioner

SECRET OF THE GIANTS

Is it Being Found Out?

NEW LIGHT ON OTHER DAYS

By Our Geological Correspondent

Every geological age has had its giants, those of today being the whales, of course.

The giant animals of the past are known to us by their fossilised remains in the rocks, and some clever reconstructions of them have been made in museums. These giants do not seem to have been great successes, for, though they probably lived for a long time as individuals and persisted for thousands of years as races, they seem, in the end, to have disappeared without having given rise to any descendants.

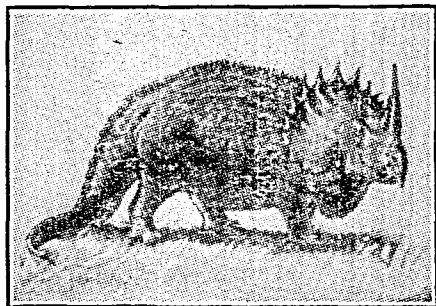
So they are all lost races. They were like complicated engines—of no use when circumstances change, and incapable of being themselves changed into anything useful.

Tri-cer-a-tops

Take the three-horned dinosaur, called tri-cer-a-tops, which used to charge about in cretaceous times where the Rocky Mountains now are. What a creature! Its length was over 30 feet, of which about six went to the head, bearing the three great horns.

Reptile though it was, it stood high on its toes like a colossal bull. Vegetarian though it was, it was covered with thick, spiny scales which made it quite invulnerable. It had a very poor brain, better suited for controlling its probably quick movements than for thinking.

But there was something extraordinarily interesting about this brain of the three-horned giant, if we can trust to the cast which has been taken of the inside



Tri-cer-a-tops, a Giant of Other Days

of the fossil skull. In a book just published by Prof. Edmond Perrier, Director of the Paris Museum, we read what we did not know before—that the giant reptile had, in connection with its brain, an unusually large representative of what we call the pituitary body.

This body is found in all backboneed animals, and it has to do with the regulation of the body's growth.

A Growing Mixture Inside Us

It has been known some years that unhealthy giants, who sometimes appear in mankind, are suffering from a disturbance of the pituitary body, so that their growth has not been harmoniously controlled.

This important body is one of the "glands of internal secretion" which send throughout our system chemical messengers which are absolutely necessary to our health; but what interests us particularly just now is the question: Did the three-horned giant and its relatives owe their colossal size, as Professor Perrier suggests, to an over-large pituitary body, whose chemical messengers, like the "growing mixture" Alice took in Wonderland, made them grow gigantic beyond bounds?

Here, at any rate, we have a question well worth thinking over, and it is something new.

J. A. T.

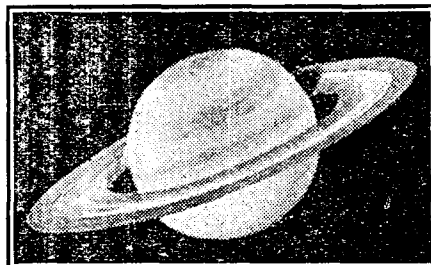
HUNGRY CHILDREN

HOW MUCH BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD EAT

Will the War Children Regain Their Lost Strength?

An official committee which has been inquiring into the food requirements of human beings must have created a panic in households where boys and girls are taught that it is vulgar to eat heartily. A boy of from 15 to 18, says this body of scientists, needs more food than an adult manual labourer. A rapidly growing girl up to the same age requires not less than the working woman.

That is a blow at false etiquette, and a set-back for romance. The heroine of a novel is commonly a girl from 17 to 18, but where is the author with courage



The Most Beautiful Sight in the Sky—Saturn and his Rings

to picture her as eating a dinner equal to the brawny charwoman?

The poet and thinker, contrary to all the rules in novels and plays, though he does not require more food than the manual labourer, must have more expensive foods—more meat, fish, eggs, and butter. There is another very interesting point in the report. Half Europe has been on starvation diet during the greater part of the war, and the children are stunted and puny. But with a return to normal conditions the children will resume growing, and will grow at such a rate that in the end they will make up for the time lost.

So we are like plants, after all. Starve us and we are lean and stunted; feed us and we regain our lost growth.

A BAG OF CHOCOLATES

We are promised more chocolates, "at almost unimaginable prices." Somebody has made three complaints against a girl who supplied him with chocolates in a shop. She took them from a box with her hand, weighed them out of his sight, and then blew in the bag to open it.

They are all sound complaints. The first thing the girl did was bad, the second was worse, the third was unpardonable. When a shopkeeper blows into a bag while serving you the proper thing to do is to walk out and leave the bag and everything else behind; unless, of course, you have gone to buy a bag of influenza germs.

SUGAR FOR INFLUENZA

Everybody who is fond of sweets will hope that Doctor Dobie, of Crief, in Perthshire, is right. He declares that sugar is the only food that really keeps the blood strong and feeds the white cells that defend us against disease germs. In his view the liberation of thousands of tons of good sugar at a cheap price would do more to defeat influenza than any known medicine.

Doctor Dobie has been feeding his influenza patients with sugar, and considers that he has generally cured them with it. He says that sugar produces the heat required by the white blood cells in order to destroy disease germs.

A MILLION RATS

Over a million rats have been destroyed in the London Docks or in vessels leaving the docks during the last 18 years.

JUPITER'S YOUNG BROTHER

Glorious Sight in the Sky

GIANT WORLD THAT WOULD FLOAT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next week a very good opportunity will occur for identifying the wonderful planet Saturn, the great world with the beautiful rings.

He is not so easy to find as Jupiter or Venus, because he is not so bright; but on Wednesday evening the half Moon will come close enough to enable him to be found.

As darkness approaches, Saturn will be found between nine and ten degrees, or about 20 Moons, north of the Moon—that is, between the Moon and overhead—but somewhat to the right. There will also be a bright star slightly to the left. This is **Regulus**, the Heart of the Lion; it is about seven degrees to the left of Saturn, and with him and the Moon will form a pretty triangle.

Saturn, 73,000 miles in diameter, is Jupiter's young brother, and much the handsomer of the two. The writer has found that everyone to whom he has shown Saturn through the telescope regards this planet as the loveliest sight in the heavens.

A Ray of Light from Saturn

This beautiful globe of light, with its belts of slightly tinted colour and the marvellous tilted rings with the shadow of the planet across them, and with four or five of his moons dotted about around the rings, makes a glorious picture, suggesting a peaceful family of worlds, sailing serenely in space and entirely absorbed in their own affairs, for Saturn does not disturb other planets or disturb the Sun to any important extent, as does his big brother Jupiter.

One reason for this is that Saturn is much farther off, nearly twice as far as Jupiter. At present he is about 880,000,000 miles from the Earth, so that, whereas it would take 548 years to reach Jupiter on an aeroplane at 100 miles an hour, it would take 900 years to reach Saturn. Although light will travel round the Earth seven times a second, it takes an hour and a quarter to reach us from Saturn.

Like 760 Earths

Saturn is a giant world, so much larger than ours that it would require 760 Earths rolled into one to make our globe as big; yet he is not quite 95 times as heavy. This means that if 95 Earths were put into a gigantic pair of scales against Saturn they would weigh him down. Indeed, so light is he that if he were to fall into a great celestial sea, he would actually float, whereas the Earth would sink.

The beautiful rings were long a mystery to astronomers. They appeared to be solid and real until seen edgewise, when they almost entirely vanished. They are closing up now. They are actually composed of countless millions of minute particles and tiny moons, whirling round Saturn like concentrated swarms of meteors. Upon each one of these our Sun shines as on the planet and his large moons, of which Saturn has ten. This sunlight is reflected back to us in a mass, so forming the beautiful bright rings.

The pity is that all this is beyond the range of unaided vision, though a small telescope will reveal the rings and the largest of his ten moons. This moon, named **Titan**, is 2700 miles in diameter, and therefore a little larger than our Moon.

The Earth is leaving Saturn behind now, and so getting farther away. Sometimes he is nearly a 100 million miles nearer to us than now.

G. F. M.

BIRDS OF THE WEEK

Concert Hall of the Countryside

WILD FLOWER PAGEANT

By Our Country Correspondent

This is the great bird-nesting month of the year, and you can hardly search any shrubbery or thicket or hedge without finding quite a number of nests.

The earlier broods, like those of the blackbird, are now fully fledged. Other birds, such as the greenfinch, tree-creeper, pheasant, and partridge, are laying; while others, again, are only now building. One of the last-mentioned, the swallow, always makes its nest in or about buildings, for it is an old friend of man, and a rafter in a barn or a sheltered ledge outside a house, are familiar positions. The nest is of mud, bound together with bits of hay and hair, and lined with feathers and dry grass. The eggs are white, spotted with brown, and range in number from four to six.

Builders and Warblers

The sand martin may now be seen flying about gravel-pits and railway cuttings, where it builds its nest of grass and straw at the end of a tunnel two or three feet long. The garden warbler may be generally heard this week, and its piccolo-like note is somewhat similar to the blackcap's, though more continuous and rather mellower. The bird loves tangled thickets and wild country, though it is often seen and heard in the garden.

Some other birds of this family are also appearing now, namely, the marsh warbler, which haunts marshy places, particularly where osiers grow; and the wood warbler, rather larger than its relations, which dwells, as its name implies, in woods and coppices. The marsh warbler does not build in trees overhanging the water, but in bushes and thick plants. The whole countryside is now getting like a concert hall, with many varied and beautiful choruses that all who have ears may hear.

Froghoppers and Mayflies

Quite a different bird from these songsters is the nightjar, now among us, and fairly familiar on commons and moors, especially in the neighbourhood of woods. It does not sing, but makes a strange, purring noise that has been likened to the sound of an old-fashioned policeman's rattle.

Like our friends the birds, the insects, which provide the birds so abundantly with food, are also getting daily more numerous. Ladybirds, froghoppers, mayflies, and various beetles will be found, and a number of moths, such as the mullein, latticed heath bufftip, pale tussock, and emperor, the last-named not to be confused with the purple emperor butterfly.

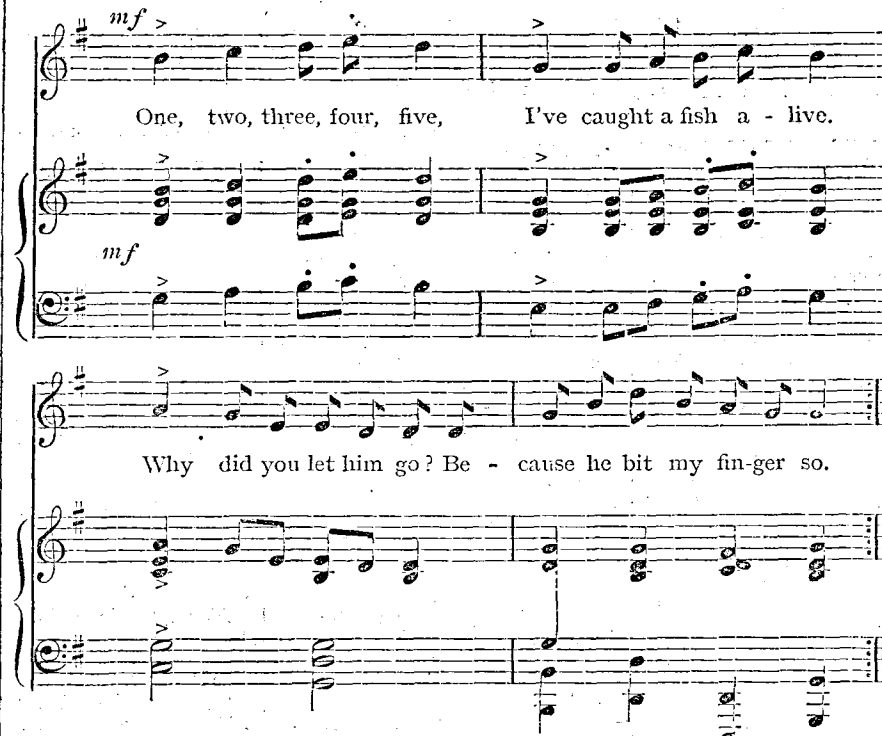
The Colouring Countryside

If we are making a nature diary from our own observations, there are plenty of entries just now. The wild flowers are coming out in ever-increasing numbers, and this week we should find blossoms of honeysuckle, field chickweed, bitter winter cress, herb robert, greater pond sedge, red clover, small marsh valerian, and thyme-leaved speedwell.

The grape vine and white jessamine are getting their leaves, as are also the oak and plane trees; while the horse-chestnut, mountain ash, and white-thorn, or may, are flowering, and the common elm is already shedding its seed. It is marvellous how summer comes on apace.

There are 13 different species of bats in Great Britain, and a number of these may now be seen flying on any warm evening. The little pipistrelle is by far the most common, and it has been on the wing since the end of March. But, in addition, we may now see the noctule, which is the largest British bat, and has a wing expanse of 13 or 14 inches. C.R.

ONE · TWO · THREE · FOUR · FIVE



THE ANIMALS THAT FLY BY NIGHT

The bats are flying about the countryside, and like a tiny aeroplane is the noctule, our biggest British bat. It flies more swiftly and at a greater height than the other bats, and every now and then makes a perpendicular descent very much like an aeroplane that is out of control. This is probably when it is eating an insect which it has caught, and it has a curious habit, at such times, of bending its dog-like head towards its tail. It has been suggested by naturalists that in doing this it is really using its tail as a dish.

Sensitive Hearing of the Bats

Another bat which is very common in this country, and may be seen flying in the dusk on any fine evening now, is the long-eared bat, or, as it is sometimes called, the rabbit-eared bat.

It is a quaint-looking creature, for its ears are nearly as long as its body, and appear quite out of proportion. But they are useful, and, indeed, serve as

eyes, telling the bat by delicate sound when it is approaching any objects however small or fine. Experiments have been made, and it has been found that so sensitive is the bat's hearing that in a darkened room where fine threads had been stretched across various parts, the bat was always able to avoid them in its flight, owing, presumably, to its ears detecting the sound of the vibrations. When it sleeps, it tucks its ears almost out of sight, with only the tips showing.

The bats utter a curious, high-pitched squeak, which is often mistaken for the noise of some other creature. It is interesting to watch them drink, which they do by skimming over the surface of a pool or pond, and at the same time they catch insects that are dancing on the water.

Bats have always been objects of fear to ignorant and foolish people; but, of course, they are quite harmless. Their curious, jerky flight is caused by their darting after insects.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Examine all seed beds, and if there are any failures, sow again immediately. Make a sowing of scarlet runners for the earliest crop. Thin out, weed, and hoe onion beds. Sow the main crop of kidney-beans, and prepare trenches for the earliest celery; abundance of manure should be dug into the bottom of the trenches. Remove all suckers from plants. Plant out calceolarias, verbenas, stocks, asters, and other plants in warm and sheltered situations. If dry, water all newly-planted shrubs.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

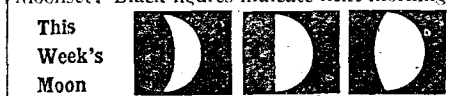


The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, May 4.

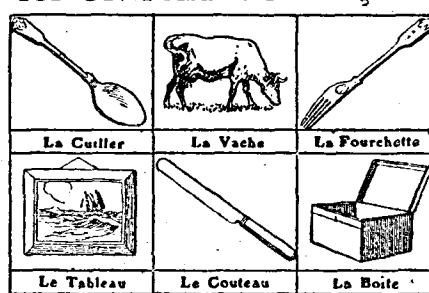
Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	SUNDAY	TUESDAY	FRIDAY
Sunrise ..	5.30 a.m.	5.27 a.m.	5.21 a.m.
Sunset ..	8.24 p.m.	8.28 p.m.	8.32 p.m.
Moonrise ..	9.11 a.m.	11.37 a.m.	3.5 p.m.
Moonset ..	1.9 a.m.	2.8 a.m.	3.10 a.m.
High Tide	5.48 p.m.	7.31 p.m.	10.59 p.m.
Moonset:	Black figures indicate next morning		



Other Worlds. Early in the evening Venus is in the West, higher up; Jupiter is to the South West, but getting more to the West.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Je donne une cuiller à Bébé
La fille conduit la vache à la ferme
Le manche de la fourchette est très long
L'homme peint un beau tableau
Le couteau est bien tranchant
Il y a un joujou dans la boîte

LE VOLEUR

Il y avait une fois un homme qui vola un encrier et apprit, plus tard, qu'il avait été présenté au célèbre poète, James Montgomery, par quelques-uns de ses admirateurs.

Le voleur se repentait, et le renvoya avec ce petit billet :

"Monsieur, quand je vous ai volé, je ne savais pas que vous écriviez de si belles poésies. Je me rappelle, quand j'étais enfant, que ma mère m'a souvent récité de vos vers; donc, je vous renvoie l'encrier, en espérant que vous me pardonneriez."

Be lord of thy own mind;
The dread of evils is the worst of ills;
Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
Are ills because we hoard them.

PICTURES BY THE THOUSAND MILE

ONE MONTH'S FILM FROM AMERICA

Kinema Notes and News

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

In one month alone the United States lately exported over seven million feet of exposed kinematograph films, and over eleven million feet of unexposed film. That was 3600 miles of picture film from America alone, enough to cross the Atlantic easily, and to reach from Land's End to John o' Groats as well.

FILM TOWN

More than 110,000 people are employed on the production of kinema films at Los Angeles, the Californian "film city." They paid in income-tax last year £658,000.

TOO REAL

Orchestras are frequently engaged in film studios to render suitable music during the production of pictures, with the object of helping the players to feel the emotions they are called upon to express. One British company uses a gramophone. The emotions roused by pictures are often very strong and real. When the first film was exhibited in Buenos Aires, in 1896, a member of the audience was so frightened by a picture of an on-coming train that he jumped from the gallery to avoid being run over!

GOVERNMENT AND KINEMAS

The South African Government has commissioned the production of twelve films designed to advertise the scenic and industrial advantages of the country.

GLASS "FILMS"

Glass kinematograph "films," one hundred times smaller than the ordinary celluloid films, have been introduced at Jena, the home of the glass industry in Germany.

AIR FILMS BY AIR

Signor Caproni, the well-known Italian aeroplane designer, has taken a series of "air films," which he proposes to send to London by air.

THE BEST PICTURES TO LOOK FOR

The Children's Newspaper urges its readers not to patronise picture houses where vulgar plays are exhibited

FROM STONE AGE TO FILM AGE

The coming triumph of the League of Nations is the theme of a new English picture, "The Power of Right," for which the Prince of Wales posed in two short scenes. The film contrasts the Stone Age man's method of deciding disputes with the organised warfare of today, and a prophetic glimpse is given of the League of Nations.

THE DOG THAT FINDS HIS MASTER

There is no detective so keen and sure as a dog who has lost his master. When Cherry's young master is kidnapped by his mother's enemies, who are trying to steal her inheritance, it is the boy's little dog whose nose unerringly scents him out. Once little Cherry has shown the way, big Ursus—a professional "strong man" with a heart as large as his muscles—quickly comes to the rescue. Ursus is a match for half a dozen ordinary villains, as he proves in "Winning Through," a new Italian drama, by settling the plots of a whole gang who attack his charges.

A GIRL'S DISCOVERY

Despite her fair skin, Rahda has always believed herself to be an Indian girl, and her Indian friends, who love her for her kind heart and merry smile, have accepted her as such. Then, one day, she learns that her dead parents were English, and that she is the heiress to a great estate in the island kingdom she has never seen. Rahda's voyage to England and her desperate efforts to accustom herself to English ideas and manners are portrayed, in "Less than the Dust," by Mary Pickford, with all the charm and quaint humour which have made this clever actress famous. L.Y.



MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

What Has Happened Before

Martin Vaile receives mysterious calls for help from the Sargasso Sea on his wireless instrument. About this time his father dies, greatly in debt owing to the villainy of his partner, Mr. Willard. Martin tells his friend, Basil Loring, that he is going to find Willard, but will first go to the scene of the mysterious messages.

He crosses the Sargasso Sea in his flying-boat, and is welcomed at Lost Island by the sender of the messages, Professor Distin, and his negro servant, Scipio Mack, sole survivors of a party of nine who, nineteen years previously, had reached the island by submarine.

Their submarine, the Saga, disappeared in 1914, when on the way to Denmark with Doctor Krieger, the friend of the Professor.

The inhabitants of Lemuria, the neighbouring island, unsuccessfully attack the Professor in his stronghold, but some of the Lemurians gain admittance to the Painted Hall by a secret entrance. Martin is taken prisoner, but is rescued later by Scipio.

On their return to the Painted Hall they find that one of two captured Lemurians is missing, and go out in search of him. Martin and Scipio are nearly killed by a rock hurled from above by the enemy.

They consult the Professor on what to do next, and meanwhile put to bed the other Lemurian, who is suffering from concussion as a result of a blow received in the attack.

Martin finally decides to search the mountain-side from his aeroplane for a trace of the escaped Lemurian, and eventually sees him being attacked, and apparently killed, by a huge bird. Martin flies close in an endeavour to frighten the bird away, but it turns in fury upon the aeroplane, and an exciting chase ensues, in which the eagle's mate joins.

CHAPTER 18

Battle Royal

The odds were too great. In a flash Martin saw that his only chance of safety lay in flight. Pushing over the control he let the nose of the Bat dip sharply, and at the same moment opened his throttle to the widest. Instantly he was swooping lakewards at terrific speed.

In an ordinary volplane, or dipping flight, the pilot shuts off his engine completely. Even then the pace is tremendous. Imagine, then, what happens when you are not only dropping, but driving at the same time with the whole of your engine power.

Never since he had first handled a plane had Martin travelled so fast. The air howled past him like a hurricane; beneath, the rugged mountain-side shot away like a cinema film. The strain on the Bat's planes was terrific. Martin knew well the heavy risk he was taking, yet, aware of the eagles' powers of flight, he realised that this was his only chance to get away. He ventured to glance back, and there were the two giant birds hurtling in pursuit. But even their marvellous wing power did not equal those of the Bat. He was escaping rapidly.

But he was getting dangerously close to the surface of the lake. To hit it at anything like this speed meant certain destruction, as far as he and the plane were concerned. He switched off his engine, flattened out, and alighted.

Once more switching on his engine, he started "taxying" across the lake towards the mouth of the Tunnel Cove.

He had had some sort of hope that, once he was on the water, the

eagles would leave him. Nothing of the sort. Almost before he had started they came swooping down at him.

But now Martin was in a better position to deal with them. For the moment he could leave the plane to take care of itself. Snatching up his automatic, he opened fire upon the first of the great birds of prey, which was close upon him. One of the bullets struck it full in the breast, and down it came upon the water, thrashing the calm surface into foam with its wings.

An automatic is like a machine gun. It goes on firing as long as the finger is pressed on the trigger. As Martin swung round to fire at his second assailant the rapid explosions ceased, and he realised with a thrill of horror that the magazine was exhausted.

The second eagle—the female and the larger of the two—seemed roused to fresh fury by the downfall of her mate, and came at Martin like a bolt shot from a catapult. He did the only thing possible—flung himself down at the bottom of the "nacelle," or hull, of the flying boat, and lay flat, while he feverishly strove to thrust fresh cartridges into his pistol.

He felt the wind of the vast pinions as the bird swung just above him, heard a rending tear as her hooked talons ripped the canvas of the plane just overhead, and knew that her first swoop had missed.

Then came a fresh misfortune. In his hurry he jammed the pistol. A cartridge stuck half in and half out. The weapon was useless. It was hardly likely that the eagle would fail a second time.

Nothing happened, however—at least, nothing happened to Martin, yet he could still hear the beating of the great bird's wings. He could also hear a splashing sound, and at the same time was conscious of a curious, harsh, musky odour.

After a moment or two curiosity got the better of fright, and he ventured to raise his head and look round. The sight that met his eyes nearly paralysed him.

Out of the deep water of the lake had risen something that looked like the head and neck of a great snake, and between this new horror and the eagle a battle royal was raging.

Petrified with sheer amazement, Martin stared at this marvellous combat. The engine had stopped, the tractors had ceased to revolve, but Martin never thought of pressing the electric starter again. He utterly forgot his own danger in watching such a sight as perhaps no human being had seen since the dawn of man's history.

The first thing he realised was that the water beast was not a snake. The head and neck were more like those of one of the snapping turtles which are common in all tropical waters. The neck looked as if cased in loose leather, while the head was purely a turtle's, with a wide mouth armed with jaws of solid bone. Then he saw, beneath the surface, the body of the monster shaped like a monstrous dish-cover and plated with a greenish shell.

The creature's head flashed this way and that in movements so quick that he could hardly follow them, while its beak-like jaws kept snapping together with a harsh clipping sound. Its eyes, with raised horny lids like those of an alligator, had an indescribably vicious gleam.

Quick as it was, the eagle was quicker. Martin could not help admiring the dauntless pluck with which she hurled herself against

this fearful enemy, buffeting the monster with her powerful wings and slashing it with her great curved beak. Good blows, too, for dark red blood was already dripping from the head of the huge fish-lizard.

The lizard rose higher in the water, so that its vast domed shell came above the surface. Waves washed against the hull of the Bat, the reddened foam splashing right over the coaming. Its thick tail rose, lashing the surface of the lake; and Martin felt that a single stroke would be enough to smash his frail craft and sink it.

Then what chance would he stand, swimming for his life in water haunted by such terrors?

CHAPTER 19

Face to Face With the Foe

Martin jumped up and pressed the electric starter. There was a splitting sound, but nothing happened. For some reason unknown, the engine refused to fire.

He set to work with desperate energy to find out what was wrong, while the Bat heaved and swung upon the swells flung up by the titanic struggles of the water monster. At any moment the night might swing down upon him. Or if either of the fighters won, the survivor would, he felt, be certain to turn upon him.

Feathers drifted in a shower all over him. The lizard had got a blow home. But the eagle was not badly damaged, for she fought more furiously than ever. The reek of musk from the water-beast nearly made him sick. The creature whirled again, and its thick, stumpy tail actually struck the hull of the Bat. He saw it half turn, caught the gleam of its wicked eyes, and gave himself up for lost.

Next moment the roar of a heavy explosion sent echoes clattering along the cliffs; Martin heard the unmistakable hiss of a charge of heavy shot passing close to his head, and at the same instant the water-beast went over sideways, floundering hideously in the blood-stained waves.

The eagle, startled by the crash, rose a little, only to swoop down again at once, striking at her adversary with the same fury as ever.

But the beast was not dead, and next instant up it reared again. Out shot its long, scaly neck, and struck like a serpent at the eagle. This time the horned jaws caught her fairly by the wing. A moment later, she, the fish-lizard and all, had vanished into the fathomless depths of the tarn.

Still breathless with his ordeal, Martin rose to his feet.

"Thanks be to gracious, you's safe, boss," came Scipio's familiar voice; and there was the launch right alongside, the Professor at the tiller, Scipio, armed with a heavy ten-bore duck-gun, standing in the bows.

"Thanks to you, Scipio," answered Martin. "But it was touch and go. What was that awful creature, Professor?"

"A plesiosaurus, I believe, Martin," replied the old gentleman gravely. "A reptile belonging to world's earliest days, and long supposed to be extinct, but in some way preserved in this strange corner of the earth. It was a narrow escape indeed, lad. Now, tell me, did you find the Lemurian?"

NEXT WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS & WHAT HAPPENED ON THEM

Sunday, May 4. The battle of Tewkesbury was fought in 1471.

Monday. Napoleon died at St. Helena in 1821.

Tuesday. Edward VII., happily named "The Peacemaker," died in 1910.

Wednesday. Robert Brown-ing, destined to rank high among the poets of all time, was born at Camberwell in 1812.

Thursday. Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, the founder of modern

chemistry, perished on the scaffold in 1794. To secure funds for his scientific work, he had accepted the office of chief tax-gatherer, and the Terrorists of the French Republic guillotined him.

Friday. The first Commonwealth Parliament of Australasia was opened in 1901.

Saturday. The Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut in 1857, when native troops massacred Europeans, and set India blazing.

"I found him," Martin answered gravely. "He is far up the mountain-side. The eagles were attacking him. Then they went for me; and I had to clear as quickly as ever I could."

"Is the man hurt?"

"Badly, I'm afraid."

The Professor looked grave. "We must go to his help," he said. "Scipio, throw Mr. Vaile the rope. We will tow the Bat in, then start at once up the mountain."

When Martin got back into the cave he was amazed to find that it was not yet eleven. It seemed hours since he had left the cave, yet was actually no more than fifty minutes. The Professor insisted on his drinking a cup of coffee. Then the three took food, a rope, their guns, and a first-aid outfit, and started at once up the steep, rocky side of the mountain.

Pretty soon Martin saw that the Professor was breathing hard. He stopped.

"It's too much for you, sir," he said. "You wait, and Scipio and I will go on."

Alone, Scipio and Martin made much quicker time; and in about an hour Martin stopped and pointed to a ledge overhead.

"That's where I left him," he said in a low voice to the negro.

Scipio pulled up.

It was a stiff scramble up to the ledge, and the last part of the way they had to drag themselves up by their hands.

Martin was the first to get his head above the rim of the rugged platform of rock. Scipio, close behind, heard him gasp.

"What's de matter, boss?"

"He's gone!" answered Martin sharply. "There isn't a sign of him."

"Yo' suah dis de right place, Marse Martin?"

"Dead certain," replied Martin.

"And de feller was lyin' heah dead when yo' flew away?"

"He was lying wounded and insensible. Why, there's a patch of blood. See?"

Scipio looked. Sure enough, there was an ugly red stain on the dark stone. He grunted uncomfortably.

"Dey do say dese heah island folk am magic men, sah."

"Bosh!" retorted Martin impatiently. "The man must be quite close. He couldn't have gone far."

A small stone rattling down from above made both look up sharply.

Martin drew a quick breath. Well he might, for there, on another ledge, ten or twelve feet higher up, was the Lemurian himself, looking down upon them.

He was a magnificent yet terrible figure. Fully six feet six inches in height, and splendidly proportioned, he stood leaning on his sword. His helmet gleamed golden in the vertical rays of the blazing sun, but the rest of his dress and armour were dull and dabbled with blood.

His eyes, blue as the sky above, were fixed upon the intruders.

For a moment there was complete silence. Scipio was the first to speak.

"Oh, golly, boss!" he gasped.

"Yo' didn't know what yo' was talking about. Dat man ain't dead at all!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

THE SPORT

When Charlie Banks told us he was to have a birthday party, seeing the war was now happily over, we got excited.

Duncan's parties used to be worth going to—he has no end of maiden aunts who used to send him all sorts of nice things for the occasion. Of course, during the war feasts were not patriotic; all the same—well—things are looking up a bit, and when Duncan whispered that apples had already come and nuts were expected, we began to count the days to Friday, which was the Day.

We forgave Charlie for being a Miss Nancy and wearing over-shoes on damp days; and Donald, that's my great chum, said:

"Goloshes or no, Charlie is a sport! He's actually asked that greedy little Harry Fraser and Jock Maclean, the new boy!"

When Donald calls a fellow "a sport" it's great praise, let me tell you.

But when Friday came that unfortunate Harry couldn't get out of bed! He had taken more than his own share of jam, and had been laid low in consequence. And serve him right, too!

It was a gorgeous party! Recollect we hadn't seen apples for ages, and rosier or bigger ones than Charlie had I never want to eat. Nuts, too, and chocolate with marzipan hearts! And no one said, "You'll be sick if you take another helping." But I was frightfully disappointed with Jock Maclean, the quiet boy. He was sitting opposite me, and I couldn't help noticing that every now and then he'd sneak something into his pocket. And when we were playing "Up Jenkins," a huge apple fell out and rolled along the floor.

Charlie proposed "Shadows," the game you have to lower the gas for, you know, and this gave Jock a chance to conceal his ill-gotten goods, which he did, and then said he must go 'cos he had to see another chap.

When Donald and I were going home later on, we didn't say a single word about Jock, which shows how frightfully we felt it, and, passing Harry's house, Donald said:

"Let's go and ask for the poor fellow. He must have had a miserable evening."

But he hadn't. And he wasn't miserable either. He was sitting up in bed gloating over a heap of good things spread on the counterpane. An apple was there—one we had seen before—and there were some chocolates, rather squashy, it must be admitted; and who d'ye think was standing at the bedside, emptying his pockets? Jock Maclean!

"I can't eat any of these things to-night," Harry said, with a sigh; "but wait till I'm better!"

After all the mean things we'd been thinking about Jock, we didn't know how to look him in the eyes. At least, I didn't. But Donald went right up to him and said:

"We're sorry if we have been misjudging you, Jock, and calling you names in our minds. You're a sport!"

Care Melts Away Like Snow in May

DR MERRYMAN

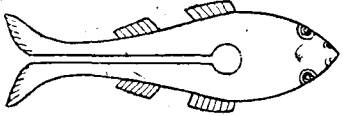
"Poor man!" said the inquisitive old lady, visiting prison. "I expect you'll be glad when your time is up, won't you?"

"No, ma'am; not particklerly," replied the prisoner. "I'm in for life."

□ □ □

The Swimming Fish

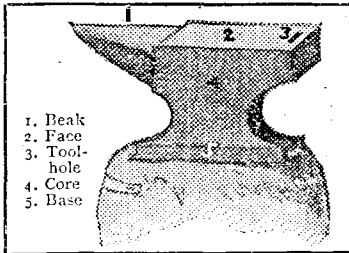
First draw a fish like the one in the sketch, making it about two or three inches in length. Draw it on



thin but good writing-paper and then cut it out neatly. Place it on the surface of a bowl of water and let a drop or two of oil fall into the hole in the centre of the fish. Now, oil always expands when on the surface of water, and in trying to do so it will cause the fish to swim forward; and it will continue to move until all the oil comes out down the groove leading to the tail of the fish. Olive or colza oil is best, but any oil will do.

□ □ □

Familiar Objects and Their Parts



These names of parts of the anvil are those by which the workman knows them

□ □ □

The pig-tail of Mister Li-Hin Whipped his children who fell into sin;

And it brushed away flies From his ankles and eyes, And lathered his grandfather's chin.

□ □ □

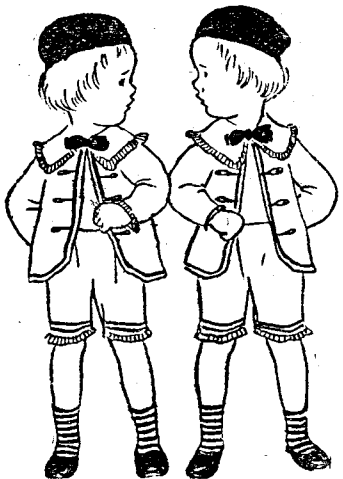
Do You Live at Leicester?

Leicester means "caster, or camp, on the river Leire," the old name for the River Soar.

□ □ □

The Twins

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.



One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or, rather, nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question fruitlessly
To everyone I knew,
"What would you do, if you were
me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died the neighbours
came

And buried brother John.

HENRY S. LEIGH

□ □ □

Is Your Name Bessie?

Bessie is a Hebrew name meaning Oath of God. It is a contraction of Elizabeth. Betsy and Betty are variants, and more rarely Betta. Bettine is the German variant.

□ □ □

A Mystery

Twenty are six of us;
Twice three are three of us;
Nine are but four of us.

O, what a deep mystery!
Twelve are just six of us;
Eight are but five of us;
Five are now four of us.

What can we possibly be?

Answer next week

□ □ □

Familiar Proverbs Re-Written

Little fish are sweet.

Minute members of the finny tribe are renowned for a delicacy of flavour denied to the denizens of the deep of larger proportions.

A stitch in time saves nine.

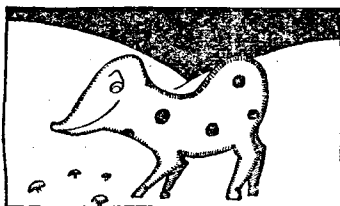
A needle and cotton deftly used in the earlier stages for repairing purposes, it is calculated, will save as many as nine at a period remote from the first-named time.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

In the preparation of culinary delicacies, too numerous a number of persons offering various suggestions will often mar the savoury mixture.

□ □ □

The Zoo That Never Was



The Pip-Pup

When pip-pups go a-walking and
A ring of mushrooms chance to
meet,
They always stop and stare and
stand,
And wonder if they're good to
eat.

□ □ □

What colour are the winds and
storms?
The winds rose and the storms
blue

□ □ □

To Measure a Foot

The upright rules on this page are one foot long; the double rule in this column is marked in inches.

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Hidden Wild Flowers

The names of the 14 hidden wild flowers are these: foxglove, violet, iris, dog-rose, cowslip, crowfoot, daisy, heath, poppy, blue-bell, periwinkle, forget-me-not, wild-thyme, and anemone.

What is Wrong in this Picture?

The coachman's hat has two cockades; there should be one only.

**ORDER YOUR PAPER
FOR NEXT WEEK NOW**

Jacko's Cousins Come to Tea

"The twins are coming to tea, Jacko," said his mother.

"Right-o!" said Jacko. "I'll take Joan to the woods, and show her my tame squirrel."

"Then you must take Jill too," said Mother Jacko. "You know how fond they are of each other; you mustn't separate them."

But Jacko couldn't bear Jill; and when his mother called out that the twins had arrived, he pretended not to hear. By and by they went out into the garden, and Jacko found them sitting arm in arm in the swing.

They were dressed alike, as they always were, and down their backs hung long pigtails with black bows.

Jacko looked at the pigtails and grinned. He crept quietly up behind them, got hold of the ribbons, and tied the two plaits firmly together.

"Mother said they were not to be separated," he said under his breath. Then the rascal put his hand in his pocket, took out a fat, long-legged spider, and threw it over their shoulders.

"A spider! Ugh!" cried Joan.

"It's crawling up my arm!" screamed Jill, jumping down to



the ground. "Come, Joan!" and she began to run.

"Stop!" cried Joan. "You're pulling my hair!"

"I am not!" said Jill. "You are pulling mine! Oh, look! It's that horrid boy! And he's got another!"

Jacko was only pretending; but the twins were so frightened that they ran like mad—down the garden out into the lane, and along the lane till they came to the stile.

Jill sprang up on it and jumped over.

"You are pulling my head off!" cried Joan.

"Quick! Quick!" said Jill. "He's coming!"

"I can't! I'm caught in a bramble! Come back!" said poor Joan.

But Jill wouldn't move—she was too frightened of the spider. And Joan couldn't—she was too afraid of tearing her best frock.

And while they stood squealing, one on one side of the stile and one on the other, up strolled Jacko, his hands in his pockets.

"Good morning, Cousin Joan. Good morning, Cousin Jill," said he politely. "I'm going into the wood to feed my tame squirrel. I shall see you by and by." And away he went.

"Well!" said Jill.

"Well!" said Joan.

The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

To Marmaduke, Augustus said, "We'll do our level best To climb into the poplar tree and rob the big bird's nest."

So up they climbed into the tree—the birds were far away (What birds they were I do not know, and therefore cannot say);

But when the boys had reached the nest, two specks up in the sky

Grew bigger, bigger, bigger still, Augustus said, "Oh my!

Here come the birds; let's hurry down." Alas, it was too late! (Never rob a bird's nest, if you'd escape their fate.)

One bird took young Marmaduke, the other took his mate,

And dropped them in the ocean at twenty-five to eight.

From several hundred feet they fell down in the raging sea; And as they couldn't swim they sank, or so it seems to me.



A Little Chap

A group of school boys hung out of their dormitory window one night counting the apples on a tree in the orchard below. The fruit was very tempting in the bright moonlight; and the boys would have had it, but they dared not venture out.

At last one of them—a little fellow, the youngest of them all—sprang on to the window ledge, scrambled down to the ground, and came back with his arms full.

He didn't want any himself, he said; he had only stolen them because nobody else had got the pluck.

It was a quality, this pluck of his, that has made him the hero of every schoolboy in the land. For daring and courage never was there such a man before.

And he needed it all, for his was a life of adventure. Before he had finished his schooling he went to sea, and he made such rapid progress that men soon began to single him out for a great future.

At twenty he commanded a ship of his own, and not long after he began the great life-task that was to make his name immortal.

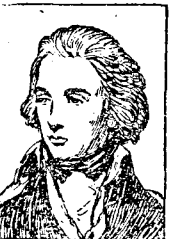
All Europe was suffering from the ambition of a great tyrant. Nation after nation was brought under his yoke. On land and on sea he swept all before him; and the man who was to check his progress, to trip him up before his final overthrow, was an insignificant-looking little man, lame, half-blind, with a delicate body seldom free from pain.

Yet the mind of the man was as strong as his body was weak. Although he lived in days when an admiral went out to fight with his Government's commands in his pocket, he never once acted upon plans that did not coincide with his own personal views. He must fight his battles in his own way; if he didn't approve of his orders he calmly ignored them.

Again and again he went out to break the dangerous power that hung like a pall over Europe for so many years. And at last he struck the blow that shattered that power to atoms, and was the beginning of the end of the most amazing career the world has ever witnessed.

When every country in Europe but our own had been conquered, and these islands were waiting in fear and trembling for the blow that was in store for them, this little man with the bold heart sailed out into the heart of the enemy's fleets and shattered them to fragments.

He was the greatest sailor since the world began; and England will never forget the services he rendered to his country in that fateful hour. Here is his portrait. Who is he?



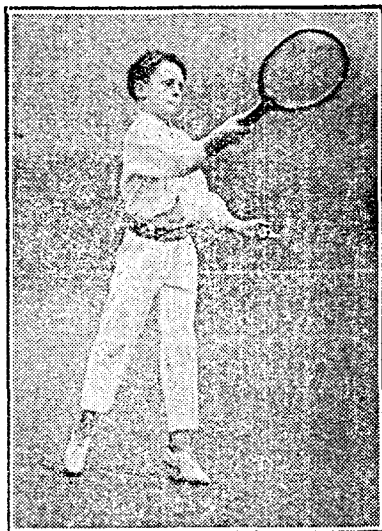
The Blue-Coat Boy Last Week was Charles Lamb

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

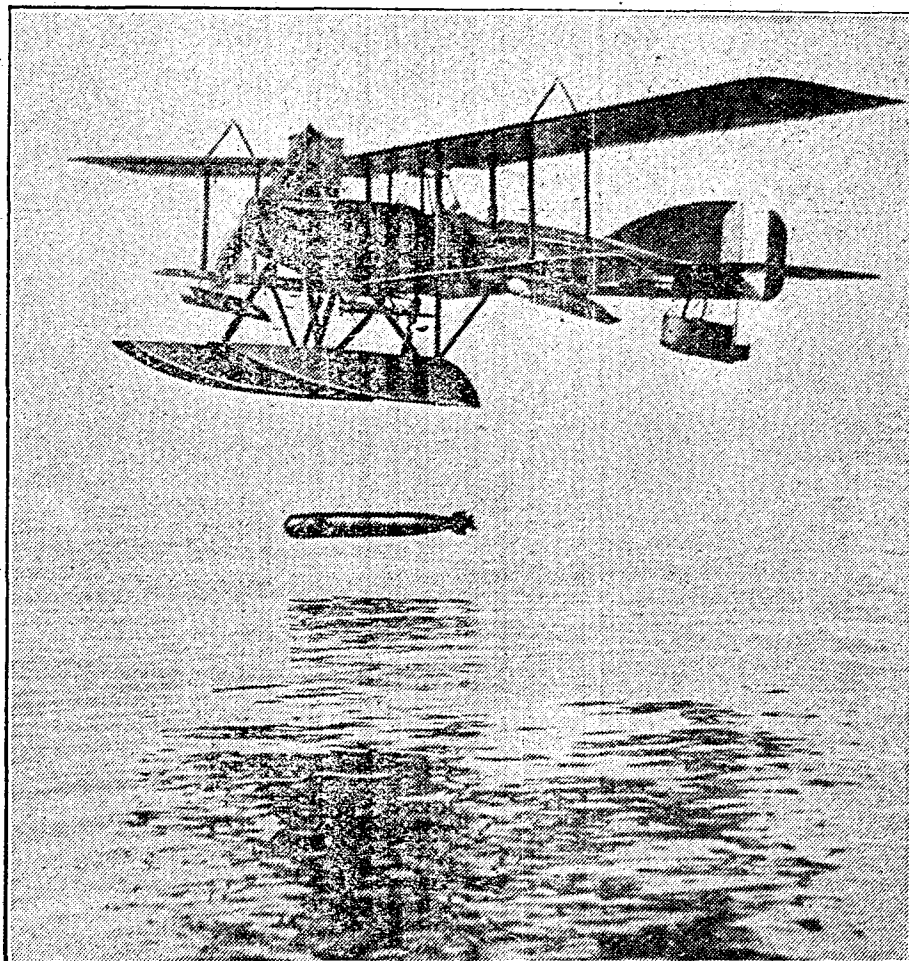
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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FLYING MEN'S POCKET LIFEBOAT. SKYSCRAPER-BUILDERS GOING TO WORK



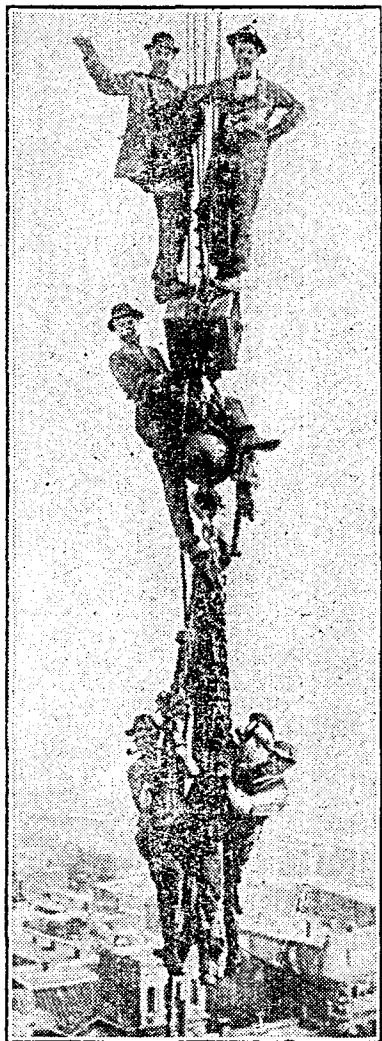
Lawn tennis is in full swing



An aeroplane dropping a torpedo into the sea, where it will pursue the path laid down for it
From a photograph in the R.A.F. Exhibition



Cricket has begun



How builders of skyscrapers go to work on the crane chain in New York



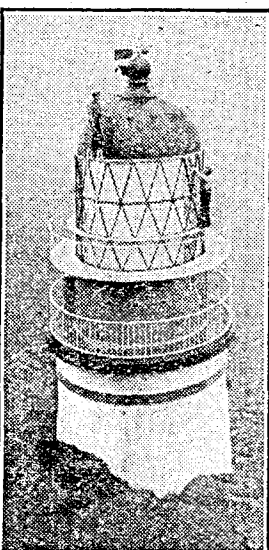
Safety pocket-boat for flying men over the sea—collapsible lifeboat carried by airships
From a photograph in the R.A.F. Exhibition



How Jack climbs the beanstalk on the film



The street sandwich-man in Japan



Spring-cleaning the Bass Rock Lighthouse



Bedford Boys discover the buried statues of which the story is told on page 7



A new toy—roller skating on tanks